THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LXII, No. 9 August 1, 1929

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The Gist of It

THAT city people still die younger, and in greater numbers, than their country cousins, though their disadvantage is declining hopefully, is the finding reported on page 469 by DR. HAVEN EMERSON, professor of public health administration at Columbia University and associate editor of Survey Graphic, and EARLE B. PHELPS, professor of sanitary science at the same university. This article is an abridgement of a chapter contributed by Dr. Emerson and Professor Phelps to a volume, Human Biology and Society, edited by Dr. E. V. Cowdry of St. Louis Medical College, to be published in the early autumn by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc., New York. For the courtesy of its use, Survey Graphic is indebted to the authors, the editor and the publisher.

THE delightful photographs of Girl Scouts (page 473) are the latest contribution of LEWIS W. HINE and his sensitive camera to the age we live in. His work portraits have appeared in many issues of The Survey and in the publications of social agencies back to the time, years ago, when the National Child Labor Committee was hard pressed for evidence that young children worked in southern cotton mills. They sent Mr. Hine on a trip through the South—and that ended the discussion. It is not in the recording of exposures, however, but in these pictures of girls, gay and grave, at their play that he is at his best.

DR. FRANCES SAGE BRADLEY writes at first-hand of the southern mountaineers, particularly of the mountain woman and their hard lives. She is a resident of Kentucky, following her earlier professional experience as a member of the state departments of health in Montana and Arkansas and as a special agent for the federal Children's Bureau. Page 476.

DONALD RICHBERG (page 479) was one of those who argued the celebrated O'Fallon railroad valuation case before the United States Supreme Court in the spring. Here he sets this greatest of all lawsuits in perspective against Senator LaFollette's long years of battling for a public and social handling of transportation in place of the usual private and selfish point of view. LaFollette, Roosevelt, Bryan, Owen, Darrow walk through these pages of the reminiscences of a progressive lawyer, which will be continued in the next issue of Survey Graphic.

SIGNE TOKSVIG, formerly a member of the staff of The New Republic, was born in Denmark. Her sketch of the scamped lives of young Irish girls—idylls of Ireland in reverse—is based on a thorough knowledge of the Irish countryside. Page 483.

DR. HUGH GRANT ROWELL turns from his work in the Department of Health Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, to ballyhoo for a circus. The World's Smallest Show, of which he is inventor and proprietor as well as barker, is perhaps the most engaging toy that ever a grown-up owned. Page 487.

CHARLES BROWN NELSON (page 477), a graduate of the University of Iowa, is the catalog editor of the Anderson Galleries in New York City. His verses have appeared in The Saturday Review and elsewhere.

WALDO L. COOK is editor of one of the few fine old American newspapers, The Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican, which have come down robustly to our age of snippy tabloids. His review of the transcript of the record of the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, edited by Bernard Flexner and Charles C. Burlingham, is one more step in the courageous course on which he set out in the early days of this celebrated trial. Page 490.

FOR the torrid dog days of August there is, page 492, a new chapter of the Arctic saga recounted by WALDEMAR BOGORAS in the December Survey Graphic. Here is the story of the meeting of Russian scientist and American physician on an ice-pounded island in the Behring Sea, of the adventures they shared, and of their incredible re-meeting in New York thirty years later. DR. P. H. J. LERRIGO, who spins this yarn so delightfully, is now home secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

IN September: College Blues, by Karl A. Menninger, with case stories of students who had 'em; Children of the New Turkey, by Lucy L. W. Wilson—progressive schools beyond the Bosphorus; Graduating Into the Job, by Robert W. Bruère, a vocational guidance story.

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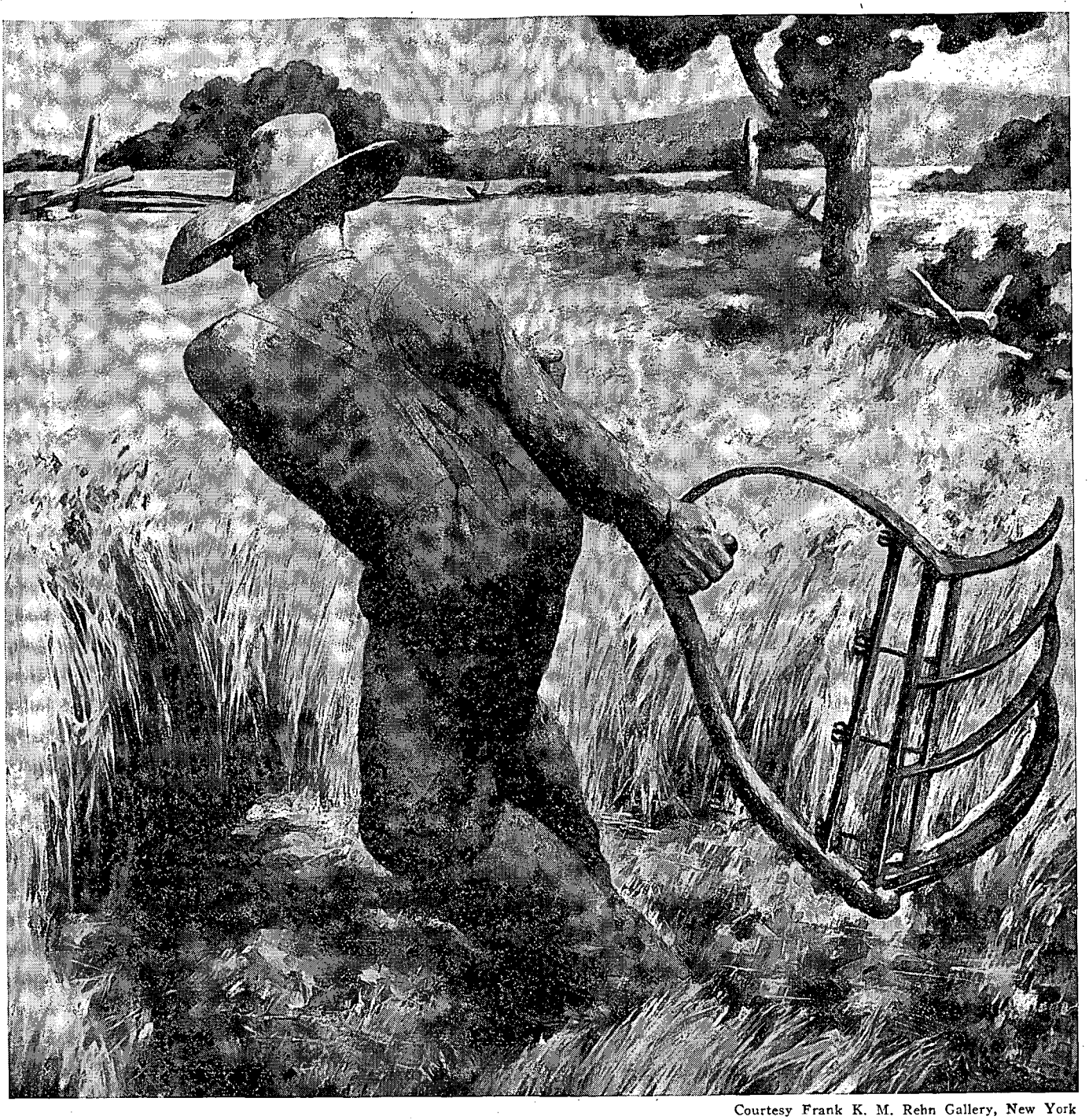

Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery, New York

FARMER CRADLING GRAIN

Oil Painting by James Chapin

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THE SURVEY
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AUGUST 1, 1929

Volume LXII
No. 9

The City Gains on the Country

By HAVEN EMERSON, M.D., and EARLE B. PHELPS

CITIES are a recent experiment for man. He blundered and wasted, lost and suffered in them for centuries before sanitation made them safe for life. Only within the last hundred years has the city come to dominate national and even continental populations, at least in point of numbers. The extraordinary growth of London did not begin until 1850. Similarly New York, with less than 80,000 in 1800 and about 600,000 in 1850, has increased tenfold in the past seventy-eight years. In 1890 only a third of the people of the United States lived in cities, but today not less than 55 per cent of us are people of the "urbs," a place of strength with walls, rather than the "rus," broad regions of open lands.

What is the effect on human beings of moving from farm, forest and shore, from an average square mile of the continental United States which supports and shelters 17 persons, to, say, certain New York blocks where human beings are sheltered 400 to the acre, a rate of 224,000 to the square mile? Is the city or the country the better place to live in?

We strive for the very best quality of life as well as for a greater length or quantity; its satisfactions and enjoyments —not merely survival. Any measure of success in man's adaptation from his so-called natural manner of life to that prevailing in great community aggregations must include a spiritual as well as a physical element. However successful the historians and philosophers of tomorrow may be in evaluating the relative merits of our present preference for mass existence as distinguished from the family or unitary life of our but recent ancestors, we can at least relate today those differences and similarities of record which characterize the lives and deaths of city and country residents.

Seventy-five years ago the large cities of Europe and America were unsafe for human habitation. In the middle of the nineteenth century birth-rates were almost twice as high as those prevailing in our cities today, yet the annual death-rates of London and New York not infrequently exceeded them. Only by immigration from the land could the cities hold even. Then began the era of modern municipal sanitation which made their growth possible by the organization of services for disposal of human waste, the provision of safe food and water, some control of housing and work places, and specific measures for limiting the spread of communicable disease.

Though the urbanized Negro, the most primitive of the races engulfed in city industrial life, still suffers in some American cities as the white races of England and America did in the cities of 1850, from factors which are not solely those of educational and economic disadvantages, by and large municipal sanitation has saved the life of the city. The city would now be king. The balance of wealth and of numbers has shifted to these artificial environments we have created. The city seems now to supply to the majority of our people those satisfactions which constitute the object of life. Yet how nearly has man overcome the handicaps he has created by crowding with his kind?

IN its simplest terms the truth appears to be that the death-rate still is higher and the expectation of life is less in the city than in the country. Differences of age, sex and race composition of the populations cannot wholly explain the disadvantage of the city people. Either the greater prevalence and severity of diseases or the lower resistance of people in the city seem to be responsible.

Perhaps the best single index of the relative hygienic value of living conditions in city and country is to be found in the death-rate from tuberculosis, a disease which expresses the sum of environmental, social and economic conditions which we speak of as the standard of living. The residential death-rates from tuberculosis in New York State as analyzed for the year 1923 by J. V. DePorte, show consistently higher rates among people in cities, big and small, than among rural residents in the respective counties. Thus the tuberculosis death-rate of New York City was 102.5 per 100,000 of population and for the rest of the state it was 74.3. Sim-

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ilarly the resident tuberculosis death-rate for the urban part of New York State outside New York City was 83.2, while that of the rural portion of the state was 59.4. These differences cannot be explained satisfactorily on any basis of selective race, age, sex, occupational or economic differences. As Dr. DePorte says, "Among the several important causes of death, the element of residence is perhaps of greatest weight in mortality from tuberculosis."

Turning to the death-rates of the registration area of the United States in 1910 and 1920, we find not only in the rate for all causes combined, but for a goodly number of the more common causes of death, higher rates among the city people than among the rural. The following table shows the differences and trends over that decade during which the shift of population to the cities took on the highest speed, probably to be exceeded, however, by the period since 1920. No similar period of time has been characterized in this country by a greater improvement in general health conditions in both city and rural regions. At no previous period have the services of science and of the medical profession and public health workers been more nearly similar in value for the great majority of rural communities as well as for cities. Heart diseases and diabetes have risen in the cities but not in the country, while the rates of appendicitis and cerebral hemorrhage have risen in both places.

Urban and Rural Death Rates by Principal Causes per 100,000 of Population in the United States Registration Area
(U. S. Census Bureau, Mortality Rates, 1918-1920)

	1910		1920	
	Urban	Rural	Urban	Rural
All causes	1,590.0	1,340.0	1,411.0	1,194.0
Diseases of the heart	157.6	142.1	168.1	133.1
Appendicitis	14.0	7.2	19.2	7.5
Pneumonia (all forms)	171.2	109.5	168.5	107.0
Tuberculosis (all forms)	179.5	127.4	118.5	108.2
Nephritis and Brights' disease	111.3	76.5	100.2	78.0
Cancer, malignant tumors	81.5	70.1	99.8	68.0
Puerperal septicemia	8.1	5.8	7.8	5.4
Cerebral hemorrhage	72.3	80.0	80.5	81.4
Diabetes	16.8	13.5	19.4	13.1
Diarrhea and enteritis (under 2 years)	118.0	77.3	52.2	35.1
Diphtheria and croup	25.8	15.9	18.9	12.1
Measles	13.4	11.5	10.3	7.4
Typhoid fever	22.4	23.3	5.5	9.6
Scarlet fever	14.2	8.2	5.4	3.9

Courtesy City Art Museum, St. Louis

SLEEP, *by Leon Kroll*

The crude general death-rates from all causes are higher for city populations for each of the years by almost exactly the same degree, i. e., by about 18 per cent. If corrections are made for differences in age, sex, and racial distribution in city and country, the result is even more clearly in favor of the country-dwellers. Apparently the disadvantage of city existence in the United States today is represented by approximately 2.2 deaths per thousand per annum, which for the estimated 65,000,000 urban dwellers, amounts to a total

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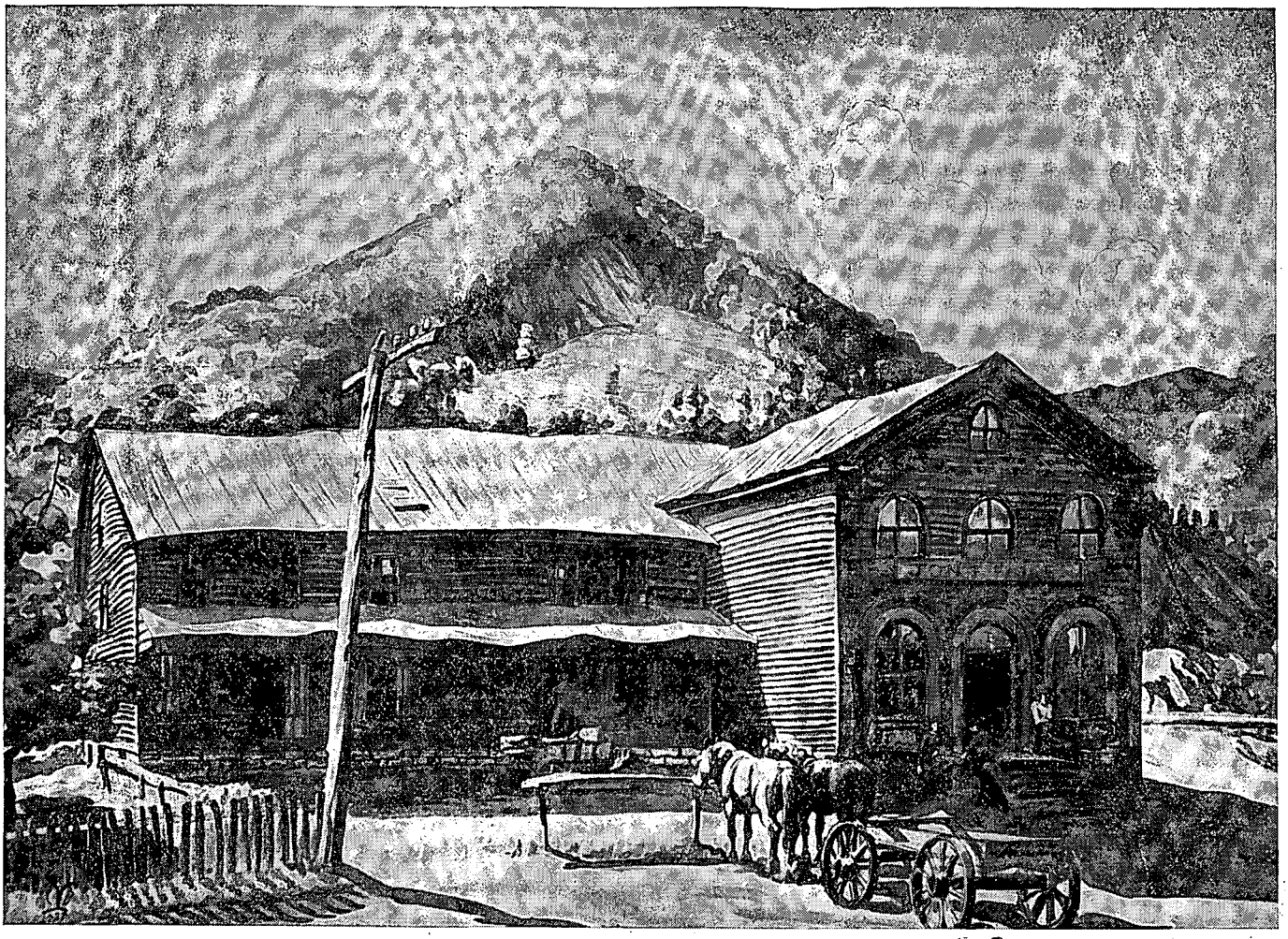

Courtesy Montross Gallery, New York

AUGUST AFTERNOON, *by Charles Burchfield*

of 143,000 deaths per year, at a most conservative estimate.

We have no means of following how much of this excess is chargeable to the environment, physical and social, of the city, and how much to the trades and occupations now conducted in the city, which might occasion an equal loss of life if carried on in the country. Much evidence, however, for the essential hazards of city life *per se* as compared with rural can be had from a study of individual causes of death among young and old, and from factors not primarily or necessarily related to occupations.

More satisfying than death-rates in picturing the relative healthfulness of groups of people is the life expectancy table which reflects the experience of the past in terms of probability of survival of those now living. The "expectation of life" is the average length of life remaining to all persons alive at the beginning of a specified year of age. The accompanying table records the experience of the white race in the original registration states, New England, New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Michigan and the District of Columbia. The rural population is defined as those people living in communities of 10,000 or less. At every age the rural dweller has the advantage over his city cousins in probable longevity.

Expectation of Life 1910 for the Population of the Original Registration States (1909, 10, 11)
(Bureau of the Census, U. S. Life Tables: 1910)

Years remaining:	Male		Female	
	Urban	Rural	Urban	Rural
At birth	47.32	55.06	51.39	57.35
At age 10	49.13	54.53	52.22	55.54
20	40.51	45.92	43.51	46.86
30	32.61	39.10	35.52	39.05
40	25.32	30.20	27.88	31.15
50	18.59	22.43	20.53	23.27

Thus under the conditions of 1909-11, a male child born and continuing to live in the country will, on the average, live nearly eight years longer than a male child similarly born and living in the city. The difference for a female child is about six years. Although both city and country people gained in probable length of life in the decade between 1901 and 1911, the gains of the city were a little greater, and since 1910 there probably has been a continued reduction in the handicap of the urban population.

Apart from heredity, race, age, sex and a possible social selection, there are many elements which may have a share in causing this advantage, such as difference of atmosphere, water, food, clothing, lighting, insects and fellow humans. While there seems to be almost no limit to the adaptations of life to differences of environment, there is some reason to believe that we have not caught up with the rapid changes which have accompanied the artificial setting we have created in our cities. We are largely in control of environment, but we do not yet know with certainty the lengths to which we can safely go in modifying it for our convenience, comfort or pleasure.

Under our present-day habits of life, especially in cities, we deal largely with an artificial climate. In addition to the temperature, humidity and movement of the air, its three

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significant physical properties affecting comfort and health, the atmosphere has determined the character and extent of the sun's rays which reach the earth's surface. About 20 per cent of the light of the visible spectrum, "light" in the common use of the word, is absorbed by a clear atmosphere at sea level. Only a small part of the total ultra-violet radiation of the sun ever reaches the earth's surface, while a large proportion of the infra-red spectrum and the heat rays do come through. This selective screening effect is modified by the thickness of the air layer (altitude of the place), and by the clouds, fog, smoke and dust.

TEMPERATURE, humidity, and air movement are determined, of course, by latitude, altitude and relation to seashore and mountains, but under otherwise equivalent conditions, the "open air" of the country has advantages over the city, especially in summer. Air movement is lessened by tall buildings, and the human output of humidity and heat becomes distressing in crowded places. In the city the heat of the summer sun, striking the masonry, building and paved streets, is either reflected, adding to the immediate discomfort, or absorbed and stored, to be returned during the nighttime; in the country, this heat is largely absorbed and neutralized by green foliage. It has been estimated that an acre of beech trees, 400 to 600 trees, will evaporate about two million pounds of water during the season, or let us say 10,000 pounds a day, which amounts to about 11 per cent of the total heat received over the forest area through clear and dry air, and a much greater proportion of the actual radiation through the average atmosphere.

Strong evidence has been presented to suggest that young city children suffer more than country children from diarrhea and enteritis because the surrounding brick, stone, concrete and asphalt make it impossible for them to adjust to temperature and humidity as favorably as people can where there are trees and grass. Carelessness in the city household in many of the minor details of cleanliness and care of children may result from the general demoralization which commonly accompanies spells of hot weather. Even among cities there are degrees of unfavorableness. In Washington where among all American cities of 500,000 and over the expectancy of life is highest, and in Pittsburgh where it is lowest, we have the extremes of abundant foliage, parks and spacious streets in one place and an almost treeless, parkless city of bare streets in the other. Pittsburgh's death-rate from diarrhea and enteritis under two years of age has for many years ranged from two and a half to four times as high as that of Washington, for the white population. Although much of this difference is doubtless due to differences in age, sex and social elements, it seems not improbable that the atmospheric environment of Washington is responsible in considerable measure for the advantage which its children enjoy in this respect.

ATMOSPHERIC pollution with smoke and dust, and the fog, which is increased by the presence of both of these in the air, reduces the permeability of the air for the short rays of light which prevent and cure rickets. While rickets may occur in any latitude if there is interference with the metabolic processes which determine normal development, it is found most abundantly, indeed almost universally, among babies in their first year of life in all the large northern cities of Europe and America, where, in addition to the limitations of the sun's rays by low inclination and cloud, children are housed and fed unsuitably. Rickets is rarely a direct cause of death, but its harmfulness is reflected in increased susceptibility of children to bronchitis and pneumonia, and in the difficulty of childbearing in women whose pelves have been deformed by rickets in childhood. Even with the widespread use of cod liver oil and artificial sunlight to correct and prevent rickets there was in 1920 a ratio of 1.75 cases per child population in cities to every one among country children in the United States.

While many elements go to make up the causes of death from bronchitis and pneumonia, it is worth noting that in the registration area of the United States the city rates were far above those of the country. In crowded Negro and Italian tenements, where rickets prevails, the death-rates of children from pneumonia and bronchitis are from two to three times as high as in the rural areas of the same latitude. The races which exhibit rickets most abundantly in congested northern cities, where sunlight and even sky-shine is difficult to get for many months in the year, are entirely free from this disease in southern climates and in rural regions.

IN this prevalence of coughs and colds city school children show an apparent and perhaps temporary advantage over country children. In the studies of the New York Ventilation Commission it was found that the acute respiratory disease rate among children of rural Cattaraugus County resulted in an absence rate of 23 per cent of possible days of school attendance while among the urban children of Syracuse this absence rate was 9.9 to 11.7 for the same school year (1926-27), with the experience in New York City in other years almost identical with that of Syracuse. In cities the inclemencies of weather are much less of a hazard, because of nearness of the child to school, the freedom of the pavements from snow, slush and water, and the quicker drying of hard, drained street pavements. Wet feet, wet clothing, long distances in wind and rain and snow seem to have been among the important factors to the disadvantage of country children, all of which, however, are nowadays being offset to a great degree by the concrete or hard-surfaced country highway, and automobile transportation between home and school.

Where evergreen trees, vines, shrubs and the sturdy grasses and flowering plants cannot survive the deposit of tar, ash, sulphur, and the limitation of sunlight even in the open yards and park spaces of cities, we may assume that the area is not fit for the human child. In all such city quarters we find the poorest paid, least intelligent or certainly the most underprivileged of our unskilled laboring population and the high sickness- and death-rates. It is impossible to be sure what part of the poor hygiene is properly chargeable to the bad city-made physical environment and what is the share of ignorance, poverty, foreign birth and unstable economic status.

As a general thing, the water supplies of cities represent one advantage enjoyed by a large, congested population over a smaller one, because the economy of handling water supplies for large populations makes possible a system of safeguards which is prohibitorily expensive for the small town or single farmhouse. Both the typhoid fever and dysentery rates confirm the advantages of the cities in this respect.

Variety, range, freshness and cost of foods used to be all to the advantage of the country (*Continued on page* 505)

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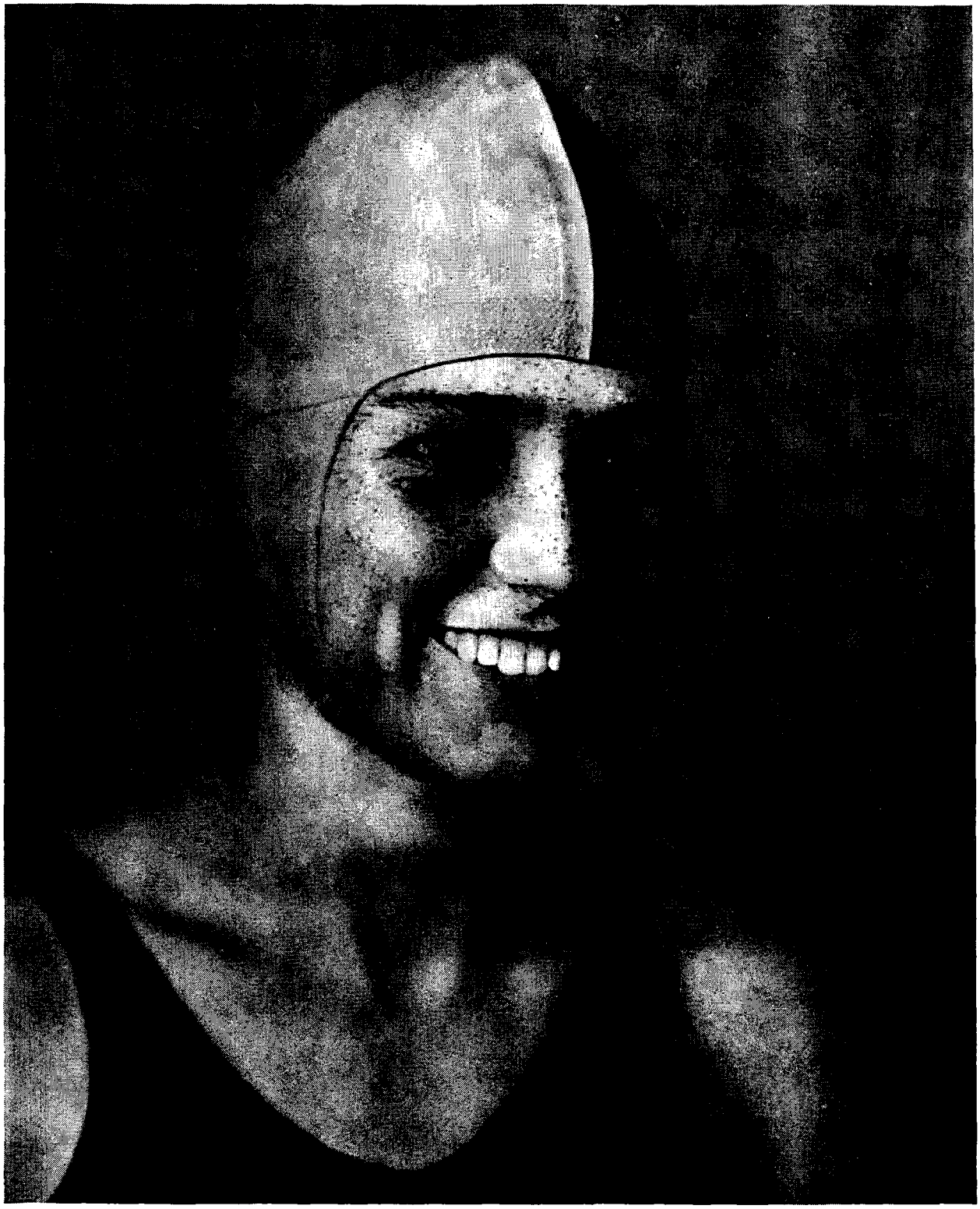

Sun-tan—not from the drugstore

Good Scouts

Three Pages of Summer Girls
Photographs by Lewis W. Hine
for Girl Scouts Inc., New York

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"Her clothes tucked to the knee" — like Maid Marion. Below, gypsy kerchiefs and an intent lot of whittlers

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Sketching a view
and—
Cupcakes for you

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Public Works

By FRANCES SAGE BRADLEY, M.D.

"LIFE in these mountings air all right I reckon fer men ez likes hit rough, but I'm hyar ter say hit's hell on women an' steers," is the unqualified statement of Mrs. Coggins, a pale-faced, sandy-haired woman from back on Pinnacle Knob. Mrs. Coggins has led the simple life many city women think they crave, free from social and financial stress, exempt from the mental and nervous strain which wreck the peace of mind of the urban dweller. Yet though living close to nature, she has lacked legitimate diversion, mental occupation, human relationship; and this isolation, plus family care, responsibility and hard work, have made her life one of repression and drudgery. At thirty-three she is practically toothless, jaded, worn—an old woman.

Her husband is a farmer in a limited sense. He will tell you truthfully that "these mountings air too steep ter plow," citing you to "Si Lungerford's crap what jes natu'ally slid down the mounting while the corn war a tasselin'." He will wave you to the wreckage of crops in the bottoms, washed away by unruly freshets. He will convince you that "Hit's meddlesome lawin' thet's a ruin' this country, mekin' a man fence in the whole Blue Ridge jes ter keep a passel o' sheep or a few head o' stock. Then too," changing his quid to the other cheek, "Whoever heern o' tellin' a man what he kin or he caint do with corn what he raised on his own lan'?"

The mountaineer is a provident man of few wants, used to privation. He comes nearer perhaps than any other class of Americans to being a self-supporting citizen. He produces enough bread and meat, reinforced by fish and game, to keep his family the year round. He raises corn and other cereals, vegetables and apples, "long sweetenin," in the form of honey and sorghum, and enough tobacco for home consumption. He finds at his own door a profusion of wild grapes and berries, and a supply of roots and herbs equivalent to many a city doctor's bill. Nature provides an abundance of stone and timber for building, wood for fuel, and in many sections his children are free to dig baskets of coal from narrow unprofitable veins.

He is a great trader, each man getting the best of a canny deal. Occasionally he appears at a county or community fair, or at the railroad of a Saturday. Generally speaking, however, he likes better to trade with his friends and in-laws, a horse or a mule for a yoke of oxen; a shoat or a heifer for hay; a few bushels of corn or potatoes, apples, eggs, chickens, or butter at the nearest store for clothing, coffee, kerosene and matches.

He handles little money in the course of a year, and so, even before the war and rumors of high cost of living, the mountaineer was put to it to raise legal tender. For this purpose he hauls wood, ties, or locust pins to hold insulators to telegraph poles; or he collects bark for tanneries in the valley. His resources, however, are as limited as his income and, like many another man, he grows restless.

Of course the women folks can always find things for him to do; land to clear of stumps and boulders; fences to build, roofs to mend and what-not. But rainy weather is no time for such work, and in good weather what's the hurry? Then there is always "micy" to split and sort, 'gainst the coming of the purchasing agent of the stove, the electric or the automobile company. But after all, this is easy work. On a pinch, even the women and children—and so on and on. Thus it comes about that the mountain man, tired of objectionable laws, tired of nagging women and whining children, tired, even as you and I, of the dull monotony of a home devoid of social diversion, forgets that his wife may be equally tired, and escapes—to public works.

Public works is a blanket term covering practically any job other than dirt farming. It may be building a railroad, culvert, bridge or highway; it may be working in a pottery, mine or tannery; out in the timber, felling trees and "chutting" them down the mountain-side to wait for spring freshets in the creeks. The man may go alone and work by the day or on contract; a group may raise among themselves enough to buy a small engine and share in the profits of a portable saw-mill, following the timber workers as the desired material is exhausted. They will live in tents, shacks, lean-tos built against huge, overhanging trees, themselves growing so wild, whiskery and unkempt that, according to the women, it takes months of barbering, mental and physical, to restore them to a state of comparative family life.

SOMETIMES before leaving, the man plows a patch of ground in which the women and children plant corn, or if the hill is too steep, he must postpone his departure until the light of the moon and plant it himself in holes dug with a hoe and filled by the children with a hatful of rich earth or manure. Then, with a blanket and extra flannel shirt; with shotgun, skillet and coffee-pot, he is off. Nobody knows where; often he does not know himself where he is going, but he is on his way.

Marriage, birth, death are rituals in which the man plays small part. Fortunate is he who may escape. A baby may be coming or going in his home; good fortune or disaster hanging over his household; but until the rains of another season call a halt in outside work, the women and children must shift for themselves.

They must milk, and feed the stock in the pasture a quarter to a half mile away; must care for the pigs and chickens; gather the crop of corn and potatoes. Hay must be made for winter feed; wheat thrashed, sorghum ground and boiled down on shares by the few prosperous enough to own the necessary equipment. Butchering, also, is a partnership affair, often out of the way before the return of the men from public works.

The women and children must make a garden, and dry, can or otherwise conserve enough of fruits and vegetables to last the family through a long winter of complete isolation. From early summer to late frost you see stretchers of drying peas, beans, corn, berries, peaches, apples and sweet

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potatoes. Poles, stretched from tree to tree, are strung with great orange rings of sliced pumpkin, festoons of onions, peppers, "leather breeches" (snap-beans dried in the pod). Bunches or "sticks" of tobacco and of herbs, as sage, thyme, catnip, horehound, snake root, alum root, witch-hazel, iron weed, slippery elm, hang from arbors or branches of trees, drying 'gainst the emergencies of winter. Wood may have been snaked down the crooked, slippery trail by the men, or the women and children may have to find their own fuel. A boundless supply of water seems always on "yan side o' the spur," but only by following the noise of the creek may one find the spring to wash up for breakfast in the dark of a winter morning.

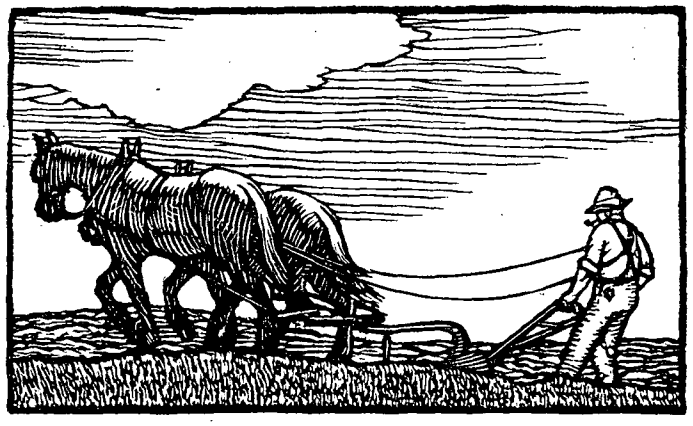
The geese must be plucked, the sheep shorn, and the bedding and woolen clothing are still largely the handiwork of the women of the household. "From back to back" is their slogan, and with pride the women will shear the sheep, wash, dye, spin and weave the wool, then cut and make laboriously, often without a sewing machine, the garments for their families. Cooking, washing, cleaning, care of the sick in their own and the homes of others, are all in a day's work. They meet unflinchingly such medical and surgical emergencies as would overwhelm the city woman, attend each other or themselves in complicated confinements; carry their babies through the perils of infancy to childhood, victims of meningitis, diphtheria and infantile paralysis as well as the commoner diseases. Tuberculosis is more prevalent in these sections of exposure to undiagnosed cases. Deformities, congenital and acquired, are common, as are accidents from fire, water and other instrumentality. These enter into the daily life of the placid, serene resourceful mountain woman—but that is another story.

Occasionally, persuading herself that a crowd of men off alone in the forest needs the ministering care of a woman to cook, sew and watch over their wants, a solicitous, venturesome wife has joined the gang. The concensus of opinion is, however, that her anxiety has been misplaced, and to date there is no record of a woman making a second trip to public works.

According to Mrs. Coggins, "Them mens jes natu'ally fergits a woman air human. They works therselves like steers, an' 'spec's her ter keep up with 'em. I war n't afeared ter do my part, but I will say things war mighty onhandy an' I plumb wo' out. Thar war nothin' ter do with, an' they never done no mo' fer me'n I hed a been a Injun squaw. O' co'se thar war plenty o' water, but none fitten ter drink nigher 'n the head o' the cove. This war too steep a climb fer me, an' they 'lowed feedin' an' waterin' war n't men's work. Twar the same with the wood which war allus wet o' mawnin's with the heavy jew, an' jes natu'ally would n't burn when they war a hurryin' me fer breakfas'. They hed a ole piece o' stove what would n't draw lessen the win' war in the East, an' a east win' means rain. I managed ter git 'em off every day by sun-up, but by twelve o'clock and again by six, hyar they come ergin, ez hongry ez b'ars. I jes' could n't fill 'em up, an' they knowed in reason thar war n't nothin' but bread an' meat an' peas ter give 'em, an' coffee ter drink."

"Ther washin' war bardaceous," she continued. "O' co'se them mens war hearty, an' arter workin' hard all day, ther wool socks an' shirts war heavy an' sweaty an' smelly, an' the water war full o' limestone an' powerful mean fer washin'. Ez fer keepin' the camp clean, hit caint be done," emphatically.

"I won't say hits all hard work, leastways not fer the men. They sets aroun' the fire nights an' smokes an' tells yarns which haint fitten fer the likes o' you an' me. Saturdays they goes a huntin' or fishin' or ter the railroad an' mebbe stays till Sunday night or Monday mornin'. Then they comes slouchin' back so full o' mean whiskey an' devilment thet they caint give no cl'ar idee o' whar ther money hev gone. Public works may be all right fer a single man, but I'll say the place fer a fambly man air with his fambly." Thus Mrs. Coggings with conviction.



Row's End

By CHARLES BROWN NELSON

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

Whoa up there, Whitey, here's our patch of shade.
Where are them weeds I slung around the jug?
A guy's a fool to drink this lukewarm slop
When beer on ice is down in Buck's cafe.
Confound the day I ever learned to plow!
It's been a month since I set foot in town.
I wonder if Lorena misses me. . . .
I promised her I'd come on Sunday nights,
But hell, the old man always takes the car
Over to Uncle Pete's. Some day as sure
As God made little apples, I'll be gone
When he wakes up and calls me for the chores.
He knows damned well he should have gave me more
Than clothes and room and board these last three
years
Until I'm almost twenty-one. . . .
I swear
I'll beat him purple when I get of age!
And it's Chicago for me after that—
You can't tell *me* I don't know where to live!

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THE BATTLE OF O'FALLON

Drawing by J. H. Donahey

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The Judicial Barricades

By DONALD RICHBERG

Drawings by J. H. Donahey

IT was a strangely assorted crowd that filled the council chamber in the city hall of Chicago on May 23, 1923. Here was Senator LaFollette with his hand on the shoulder of William Jennings Bryan. Over there Carl Vroman, assistant secretary of agriculture under Wilson, was chatting with William Kent, former congressman and tariff commissioner, who gave Muir Woods to the nation, and who, long years before as a Chicago alderman, had battled the "gray wolves" of the old city council room. Near at hand the tall, rather solemn Senator Shipstead exchanged greetings with Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Over by the rostrum Mayor Dever of Chicago was welcoming Mayor Hylan of New York. A "non-partisan movement" to protect the public interest in railroad valuation was being organized.

A friendly reporter drew me to one side and whispered: "There is a move on foot to bust up this meeting. A 'business men's committee' is going to start a row from the floor. Also looks as though there would be a gang of hoodlums in the balcony. There's a queer bunch hanging around the hall outside. The mayor's been tipped off and there's a special police guard ready for any rough stuff."

"What are these gentlemanly 'business men' going to do?" I asked. "How do they get in? They weren't invited to sit in this conference."

"Oh, it's a public gathering; so they're just going to butt in and throw mud at LaFollette. They issued an advance story about the riot they expect to pull off. Here's the stuff, if you want to read it."

THUS it came about that the first session of the "National Conference on Valuation of American Railroads" was a rather exciting affair. Early in the spring, Senator LaFollette had called a preliminary meeting in Washington at which Warren Stone had introduced me to the senator, with his usual bluntness.

"We have had a lot of experiences with lawyers," he said, "and here is one we think we can trust."

LaFollette's face lighted with that winning smile that made even opponents love the man, as he replied: "Oh, I'm so glad you are here; because I have been told by so many I consulted that you are the man who ought to do this job." Remembering all the unkind things I had thought (and, alas! had sometimes said) about this man, when we were battling, without his aid, "at Armageddon," and later when we were vociferously saving the world, despite his questionings—I felt as though a rather large scuttle of coals of fire had been emptied on my head.

Later I learned that close friends of Wilson had chiefly recommended me for the honor of slinging stones against the Philistines. So if anyone is curious to trace with biblical care the origins of the eventual battle of O'Fallon (which I shall describe), and to learn who had led the hosts that were encamped (and mostly sleeping throughout the fight) in the valley of Elah, he will find that the tents of LaFollette, Bryan, Wilson and Roosevelt were pitched along the lines of march to the battlefield. They were all moving in the same direction, although along diverse and winding roads.

The Chicago conference was finally called by the entire Progressive group of senators and representatives in Congress, cooperating with a group of governors. They brought together the railway unions and other labor organizations, big shippers, commercial travelers' associations, farm organizations, mayors of large cities and many public-spirited men, including conspicuous associates of both Roosevelt and Wilson.

AFTER an address of welcome by Mayor Dever, Senator LaFollette proceeded to state the purposes of the meeting. Then up rose the spokesman for the uninvited "business men's committee," whose highbrow pretensions appeared to be strangely supported by a lowbrow gathering outside the gallery.

This spokesman happened to be a man who had close business relations with all the western railroads. He announced that he had a few questions to ask the senator and he unfolded a lengthy statement full of impertinent inquiries and insinuations, intended to cast ridicule on LaFollette's long struggle for an honest valuation of railroad property.

Copies of this elaborate propaganda had been issued in advance to the newspapers, in order to muddy public opinion as much as possible. And the press generally found this "advance story" a useful substitute for the actual news. The early edition of one Chicago newspaper, printed before the conference assembled, contained a sensational and wholly imaginative story of the uproar and confusion created by the intervention of these self-appointed members of the conference! As a matter of fact, since we were forewarned, Senator LaFollette courteously permitted the railroad agent to present his mimeographed insult, but firmly declined to permit him to read it out loud. The galleries having been kept really "respectable" by the police, there was no support available for blackguardism on the floor, so the much touted "blow-up" of the meeting was just a "dud." But it may be observed that the tactics of the "conservative leaders" of business are not always distinguishable from those of political hoodlums.

Another amusing incident of this public session came in the speech of Bryan, who advised a firm defense of public interests but also spoke for the wisdom of compromising when the enemy was well entrenched! His central thought was expressed in the phrase that "half a loaf is better than no bread," which aroused LaFollette to vigorous protest. In his autobiography (published in 1912,) he had explained the necessity he had met throughout his battles in Wisconsin of constantly opposing this very argument from well-meaning friends or clever opponents. Later on, when he was urging this

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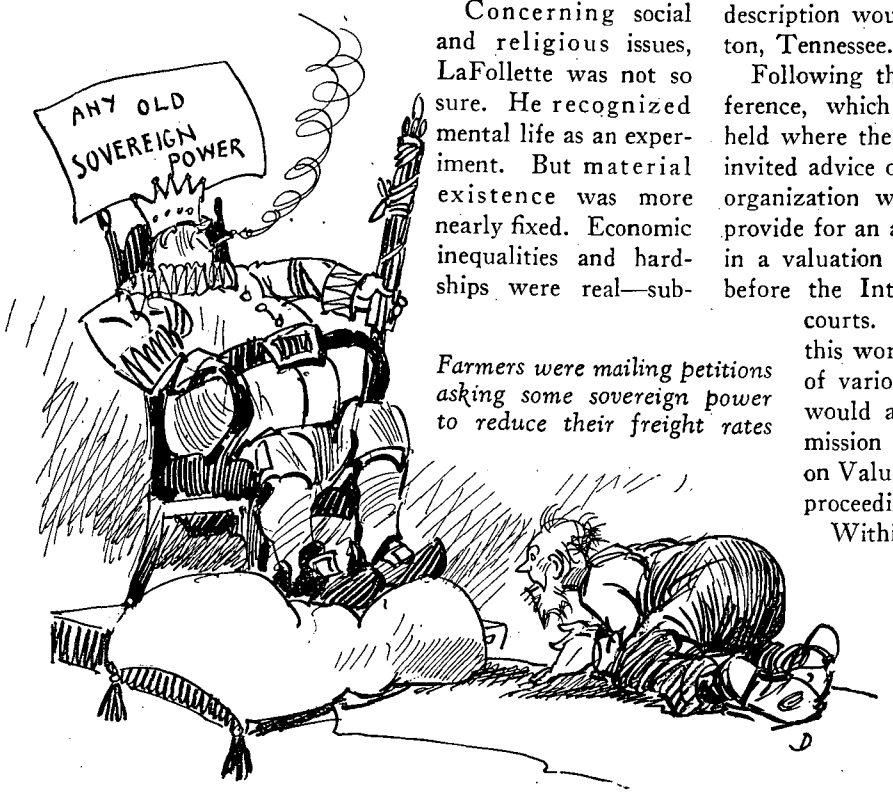
same matter of railroad valuation upon President Roosevelt, he reported that, because Roosevelt "acted upon the maxim that half a loaf is better than no bread," he had found it impossible to cooperate with him. And now his old friend Bryan (mellowed by age and success) was commending that seductive half-loaf that LaFollette had always said "dulls the appetite and destroys the keenness of interest in attaining the full loaf." No wonder the old warrior was moved to reply!

He assured Mr. Bryan of his appreciation of his long public services (particularly his support of LaFollette in his early battles in Wisconsin to which I have referred); but he vehemently asserted that all the gains made and held for popular government in Wisconsin had been won by refusing to compromise upon principles or measures essential to the public welfare. They had learned too often, he cried, that half victories paved the way to final defeat and that temporary defeats suffered while refusing to compromise, were the necessary groundwork for ultimate and lasting victories.

That evening a little group sat down to dinner at the invitation of former Senator Owen. Thinking of the clash in the morning I compared the bland, assured face of Bryan, rich in honors and not poor in worldly goods, with the lined and anxious face of "Battle Bob," and wondered which man would have left the greater impress on his time when a hundred years had rolled by. Curiously enough, for all his uncompromising zeal, LaFollette was the more tolerant man. His deep and tender affection, not only for his friends, but for all mankind, his ready sympathy with the unfortunate and oppressed, kept his mind open. There were no narrow rooms within it, wherein were housed the intolerance and social prejudice that Bryan so frequently revealed. The distinction was clear. Where Bryan was sure, he would not yield. He believed in his Bible—"from cover to cover." Alcohol was evil. He would not yield to Satan or the Demon Rum. On economic issues he was not sure. Uncertainty begat tolerance. He advocated compromise.

Concerning social and religious issues, LaFollette was not so sure. He recognized mental life as an experiment. But material existence was more nearly fixed. Economic inequalities and hardships were real—subject, he felt, to relief by law. He had definite rules for economic justice and for political action to enforce the rules. Here he was uncompromising.



Farmers were mailing petitions asking some sovereign power to reduce their freight rates

My mind traveled back twenty-three years to a hotel room just across the street where I had first met Bryan, clad democratically in trousers and undershirt, waiting while his wife repaired the "boiled shirt" necessary for a platform appearance. He greeted affably the two young men who were to escort him to the university. At the start of the long drive (in a horse-drawn cab) he asked if we wanted a non-political speech. On the contrary, we assured him, we had asked both candidates for the presidency to make political speeches. He settled back comfortably and talked of many things. Four years before I had heard him make the crown-of-thorns-cross-of-gold speech in the old Coliseum. But I did not tell him that my father, who was deep in Democratic politics, had detailed to me how George M. Pullman and the silver mine owners had been gathering delegates for him long before the carefully planned speech "swept the delegates off their [delicately balanced] feet." Nor did I tell him that my father had vowed he would never vote for Bryan—which he never did.

I had not been impressed by the undershirt, but the plain sincerity of the man and the most persuasive oratory I had ever heard—possibly excepting Ingersoll—did impress me. Twenty-three years later he was less impressive, weary and disillusioned, with a cold light in the eyes that had flamed with the hopes of youth in 1900. All men do not grow old that way. I could not warm to Clarence Darrow in days when Bryan could make the pulses leap. But at Darrow's seventieth birthday dinner, I paid my tribute to the man who, though poking fun at my religious ideals, could become a more mellow and tolerant friend with each passing year In fact, I described Darrow as "a defender of the faith—a great defender of an old and universal faith that, if you know the truth, the truth shall make you free." That description would hardly have applied to Bryan, after Dayton, Tennessee.

Following the first public meeting of the valuation conference, which I have described, executive sessions were held where the members could deliberate free from the uninvited advice of railroad propagandists. Here a permanent organization was effected and a program was adopted to provide for an aggressive representation of the public interest in a valuation of the railroads on the basis of investment, before the Interstate Commerce Commission and in the courts. I was engaged as general counsel to carry on this work in cooperation with such attorneys-general of various states and other public representatives as would assist. In response to our petition, the commission soon after granted the National Conference on Valuation all the rights of a party to the valuation proceedings.

Within six years, largely as a result of this combination of progressive forces, one of the many "supreme issues" of Progressivism had been carried from the White House and the halls of Congress into the Supreme Court of the United States. And thus beyond the lives of Roosevelt, Wilson, LaFollette and Bryan, their dissonant campaigns for "economic justice" coalesced in producing the

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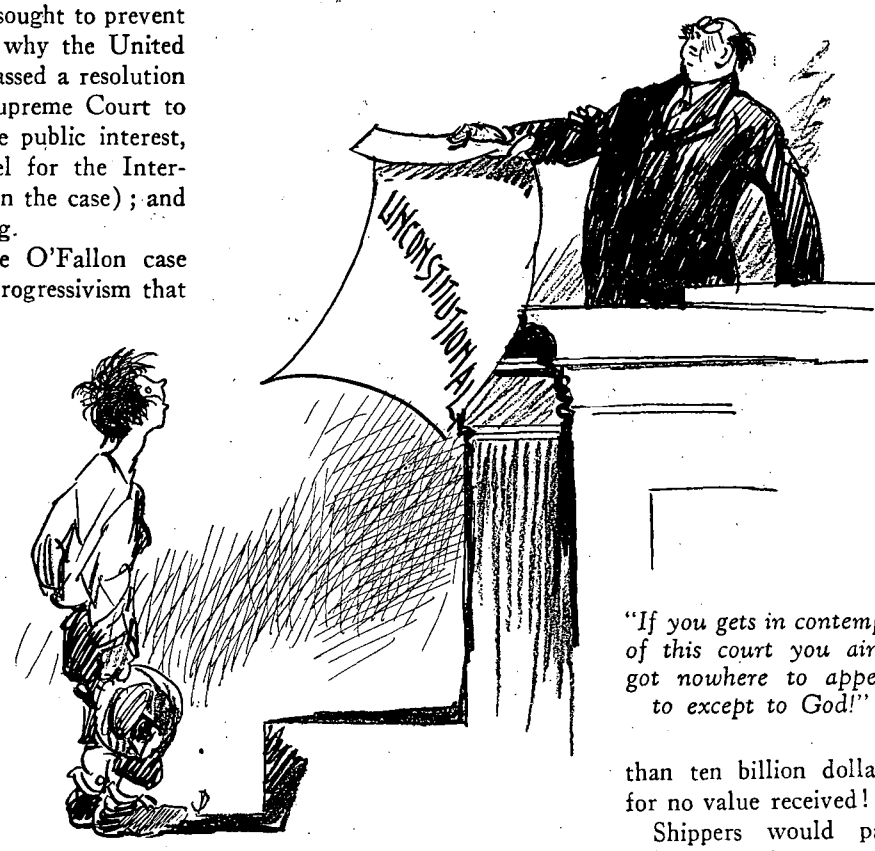
"greatest lawsuit in history"—which was presented to the Supreme Court as "the O'Fallon Case," in January, 1929.

In the final arguments of this case I was officially described as a "friend of the court," or with newspaper informality as "attorney for the people." And if the background of the contest has been adequately painted in, it may be understood why the railroads vigorously sought to prevent my participation in this legal battle; and why the United States Senate for the first time in history passed a resolution (by a vote of 46 to 31) requesting the Supreme Court to hear one particular lawyer in behalf of the public interest, (although the attorney-general and counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission were already in the case); and why the court graciously gave me a hearing.

Against an appropriate background, the O'Fallon case stands out clearly as a resurgence of that progressivism that for twenty years had swayed the executive and legislative departments of the government, that had even levelled some judicial barricades—and then apparently disintegrated under the post-war onslaught of materialism. The vitality of ideals repressed, distorted, battered and betrayed, might well surprise and annoy the Philistines. Strange indeed, that the mere remnants of a defeated host could gather a little company of lieutenants and sergeants and privates to go marching on under tattered flags after the old generals had died and the new generals had enlisted under the new golden eagles. Strange, indeed, that the Valuation Conference of 1923 had survived to raise its banner in 1929, because in a decade of valuation tournaments the once numerous, well-armored champions of the public had been unhorsed one by one.



"If you gets in contempt of this court you ain't got nowhere to appeal to except to God!"

Yet there was sore need for every effort that could be put forth month by month and year by year to counteract the never ceasing pressure of private interests to sway public officials against the public interest. After the first arguments made in behalf of the conference, before the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1923, I was informed that this was the first presentation of the general valuation problem which five out of eleven members of the commission had ever heard! Earlier extensive hearings upon the underlying issues had been held before these five men had been appointed. The effect of a reargument of the fundamental questions was most surprising to all concerned. In the ensuing three years there was a struggle within and outside the commission which no one can ever chronicle, but which ought to be written down as an epic of the never-ending war between those who serve and those who exploit the common need.

Finally in 1926, came the O'Fallon case, in which, by the narrow margin of one vote, the Interstate Commerce Commission made a decisive ruling in favor of the public interest, holding that the value of railroad property for rate-making purposes "approaches more nearly the reasonable and necessary investment in the property than the cost of reproducing it at a particular time." But the commission's own lawyers were officially silent. The lawyers for the railroads were all protesting. The lawyers for the state commissions were refusing to approve. As counsel for the National Conference on Valuation, I found myself representing the only party to the "greatest lawsuit in history" which was supporting this public tribunal in its judgment that the public should not be compelled to pay interest on more than ten billion dollars for no value received!

Shippers would pay higher freight-rates if railroad valuations were increased. But the chambers of commerce and trade associations sent no lawyers to plead for them. Farmers were mailing petitions asking Congress, or the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the President, or Ford or Morgan or Rockefeller, or some other sovereign power, to reduce freight-rates. But the "farm organizations" sent no lawyers to plead for them. State governments were maintaining law departments and commissions, ostensibly to protect public interests. Cities were employing "special counsel" to prevent larger bills for gas, telephone, electric and traction service. But the states and cities sent no lawyers to plead against increasing the six-billion-dollar annual bill paid for railroad service. Yet at times during the preceding decade lawyers had been sent by all these groups to oppose rate increases. Why were they all voiceless in this critical hour?

There were two principal reasons. In the first place, for many years the railroads had been cleverly developing a "cooperative program" with shippers, diligently persuading them that all freight charges could be passed on to the "ultimate consumer;" and that therefore "good service" was more important to big shippers than cheap rates. All those who "cooperated," by not opposing the railroads in their efforts to increase earnings, would get "good service." If they didn't "cooperate," how could they expect "good service"? This argument was most persuasive.

Similar "cooperative relations" based on other persuasive reasons, had been established with (*Continued on page* 502)

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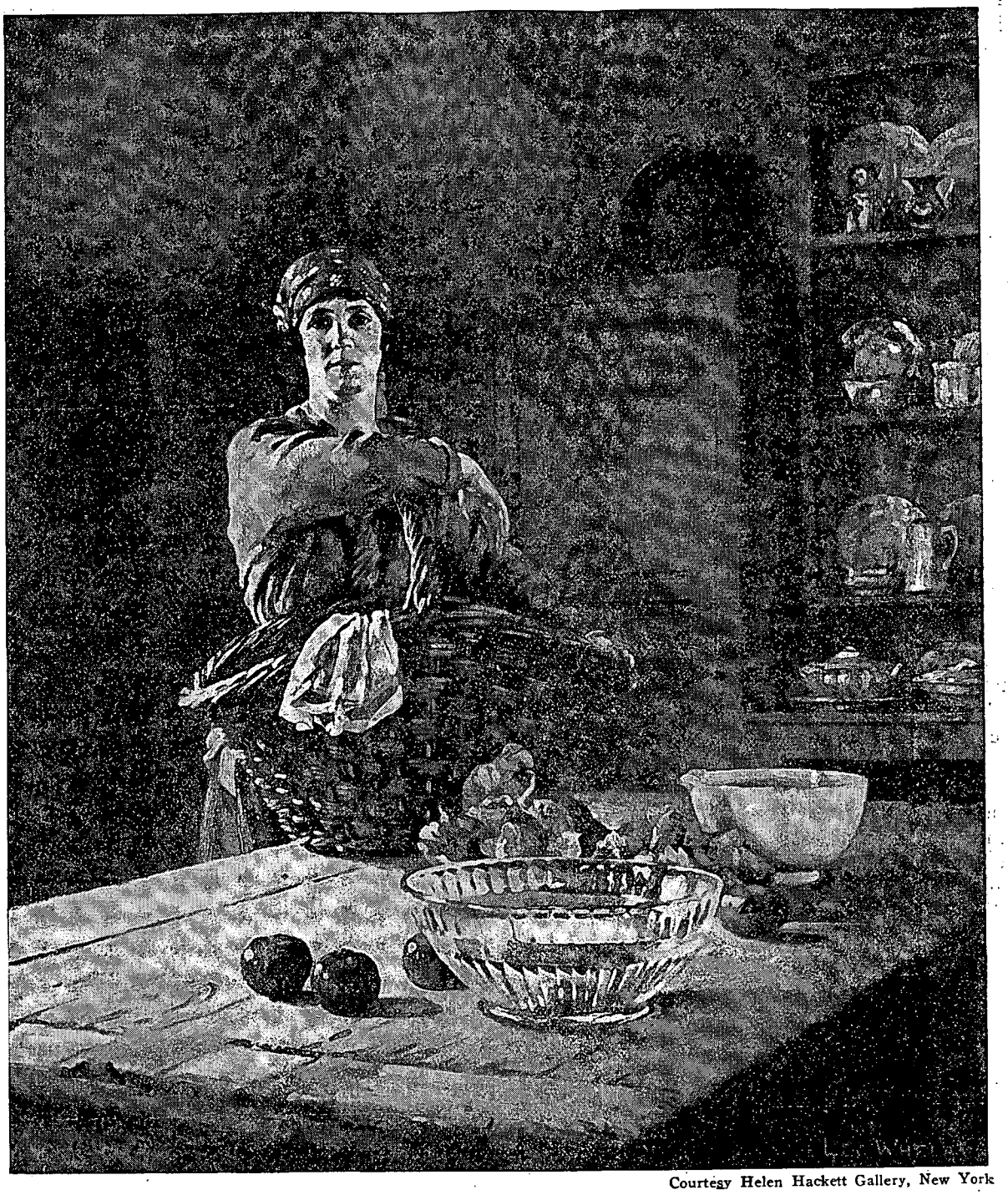

Courtesy Helen Hackett Gallery, New York

IRISH COTTAGE INTERIOR

By Leo Whelan

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Why Girls Leave Ireland

By SIGNE TOKSVIG

With Contemporary Irish Paintings, Courtesy of the Helen Hackett Gallery, New York

TAKING a walk on a soft day in a southern Irish county may have charm, although "soft" here means that earth and sky flow together in a fine misty drizzle. But even if the mud almost swallows up one's feet, there is compensation in the saturated green fields, the glint of sea beyond black wet cliffs, the white gulls in a purple ploughland. If one is in the mood—I wasn't.

I was trudging along seeing only with the inner eye, and my visions were sad. Broken shards of the flowered French dishes, stains and scratches on polished wood, tears and holes in the linen tea-towels, shrunk woollens, dirt shoved away under things and into corners, and all the incredibly awful accidents that can happen to good food. In short, I understood why in the Buddhist literature about Nirvana only one creature is said to think of the blessed state as pure rest, and this creature a weary housekeeper. I couldn't help feeling that to place her in the Orient was a mistake. After trying to train a succession of maids I felt I could qualify for endless Nirvanas. I won't mention the matrons. The matrons were set in their ways, and their ways were not mine. But share my meditations on the young girls, the ones I was supposed to train.

Leave aside the one for whom I had to get doctor and midwife within a week of her arrival; I will admit she was a special case, and our acquaintance though short was vivid. Although these special cases are getting more numerous in Ireland, she is not characteristic as yet. Leave aside also the two who invaded my peace before I had learned not to receive anyone out of the small-town slums; the ones who left really fantastic destruction in their wake, and who invariably explained the most notorious deviations from the truth as "Why 'twas only a little lie to save meself." They were slums, not Ireland, too explicable to bother thinking about. The problem in my mind was the nice Irish country girl, whose lovely voice, gentle nature, goodwill and merriment make one forgive her so much.

"Where is that brush, Molly?"

"I don't know, mam. I'm afther eatin' the house and I can't find it."

Well, she is the type who aims for America. Incidentally, it has dawned on me now what my friends meant when they said with such queer expressions that they had got "a raw Irish girl."

Why was she like that, taking her as typical? Why couldn't I get this really gentle girl to handle things more gently, to keep herself neat, to care about the taste of food, to realize that a short cut is nearly always the most troublesome way, to take an interest in learning something? Why couldn't she see for herself that a row of jars looks prettier if arranged on the shelf according to size than if thrown together helter-skelter? Before I came here I had thought that order was a kind of instinct. See a row of jars, arrange them in sizes, all perfectly automatic, born in your fingertips. Now I know better.

Well, I squashed along in the mud, feeling rather hopelessly bitter, when three little girls came along, one of them crying. I stopped. The eldest I had seen before with Molly, my present problem.

"Are you Molly's sisters?" They nodded, staring.

"And who is this crying?"

"Katie, mam. She has a pain in her ear, with respecs to ye, mam."

I looked at Katie. She was about four, and looked two, dressed in rags, and with little naked blue-grey feet in the cold deep mud. Katie was very dirty. Katie was a sight. The two older girls were not much better. They had three or four miles to walk home. At the moment there was nothing I could do about it.

But my thoughts took a juster turn. When this little Katie grew up and became some other housekeeper's problem, would they really see her? No, no more than I was doing, although I knew all the facts. But the facts, so tangibly dramatized, of my own troubles had put the others out of my mind. Katie-in-the-mud, however, knocked them back in again. And the answer is: Why wouldn't they go to America, and why wouldn't they be "raw" when they get there!

TAKE this family as typical. The father is a laboring man on a farm. The mother has been in service. They are well under fifty. They have fifteen children. The father earns his own board on the farm, and wages of ten shillings a week with which to keep his family. One of the boys is old enough also to be a farm-laborer; he earns his keep and six shillings a week (boys musn't be spoiled). Another boy works after school; he gets two meals and a shilling or so a week. Two girls are in service, but they only keep themselves.

That leaves ten children to be provided for, plus the mother, out of ten shillings a week, and the father spends three shillings on tobacco. This is not so much selfish indulgence as an attempt to dull the demand for more nourishing food. Luckily he is not a drinking man. The cottage is cheap to be sure, only one-and-six per week, and they have a goat for milk, and they raise potatoes, cabbage and onions, for the father has unusual enterprise, and makes his army of offspring work in the garden patch.

The mother, too, stretches further than most; she manages somehow to make the children's clothes. But there isn't time enough in the twenty-four hours to teach more than rudimentary cleanliness. She has to get her battalion fed, off to school, fed and to bed. She is always about to have or just having had another baby. There is no time, money or strength for finesse. Merely to keep the children

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alive is her problem. Nor is there any community tradition to compel order and neatness. Far from it. Even in middle-class families it is unusual to wash the windows more than "at spring-cleaning."

However, poverty doesn't explain everything. In southern France I have seen people gay and contented, singing and dancing, who were as poor as the Irish.

The real trouble lies in the morose dullness of the Irish countryside. The pleasures of education we can omit at once. No one reads anything. The schools are generally uninspired, grey and dreary. The compulsory Irish is gladly forgotten as soon as the child leaves school, which is as soon as possible. I asked a book agent, who once to my amazement turned up here, what he could sell. He said that sometimes a priest would get the Catholic Encyclopedia or an extra-pious farmer's wife might buy The Lives of the Saints.

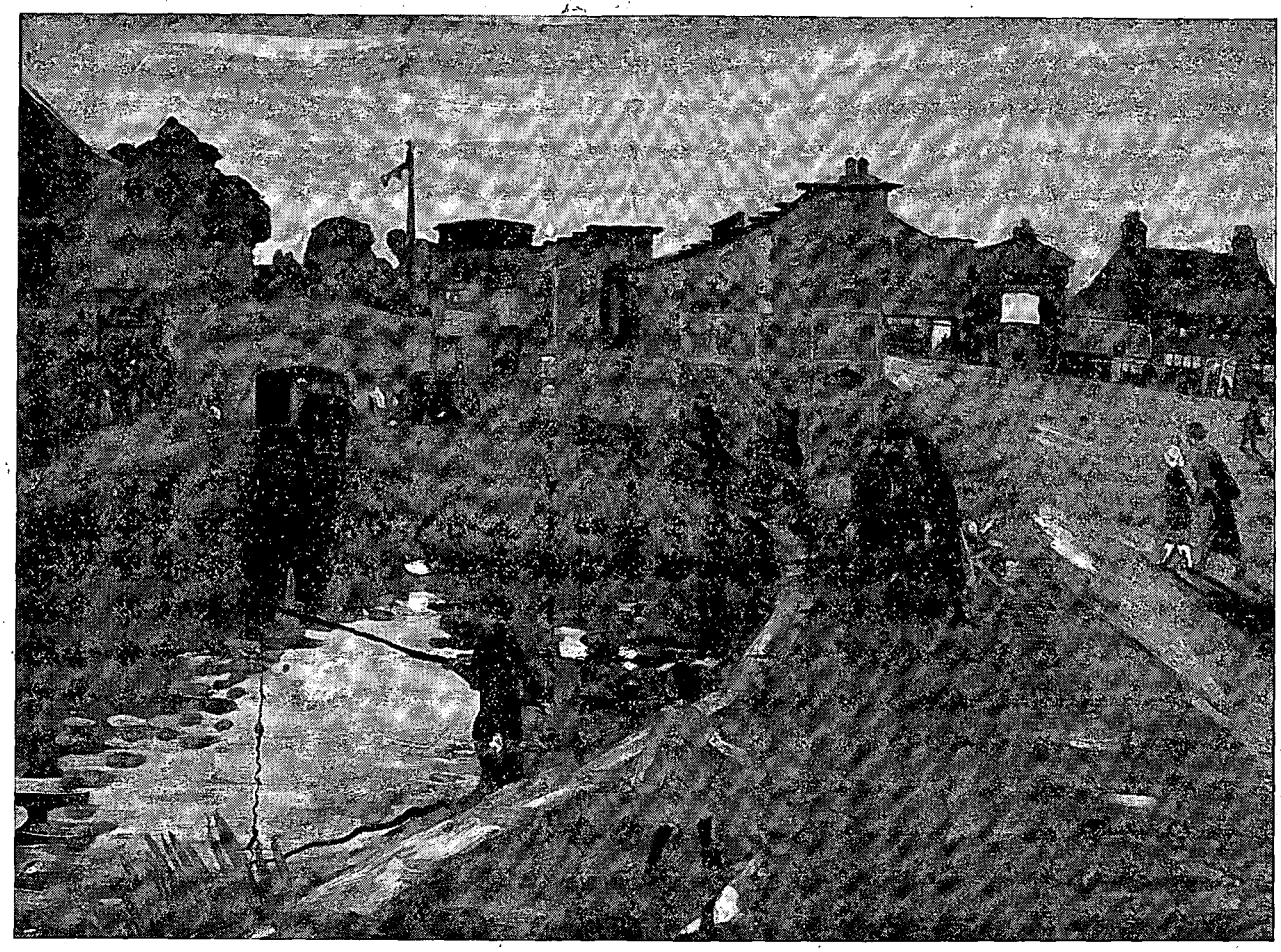
Except in the towns there are no movies. Once in a while the parish priest may show one, but, Molly says, "whenever it begins to be real interesting he always stands in front of it."

That brings us to the fact that the stern attitude of the Irish clergy has a lot to do with the dullness of the country. They frown on dances. The old cross-road dancing was long ago broken up by them, actual whip in hand. And, in spite of the people who say that this sort of thing is long past, the priest still walks the lanes at night on the hunt for those committing the grievous sin of "company-keeping."

"Afther hearin' one of the mission sermons on company-keeping," one nice girl said to me, "you wouldn't be able to sleep at night, twistin' and turnin', thinkin' how you'd be leppin' in hell if you'd ever smiled at a boy."

The middle-aged parents of this girl remember how one fine but fierce old autocrat handled the matter: If he saw a boy and a girl talking together on the road, he marched them straight into the church and married them, "and they might only having been passing a remark on the kind of day it was." There is no divorce in Ireland.

Even now one seemingly modern young priest walks the roads at night "with a lanthorn and a stick" to scare up the guilty. And scare them he does. An unfortunate couple stood talking together at the cross-roads. They had slipped away from the church benefit concert, but so had the priest. He came upon them. The boy fled in such haste across the fields in the dark that he got entangled in a barbed wire fence and his trousers were torn off. The girl was marched home by the ear.



Charlemont Bridge, by Harry Kernoff

Granted that dark country roads are not ideal, what other meeting places are provided? The girl's home? One small whitewashed kitchen with a fire on the open hearth and a black pot in chains above it, the tea mugs ranged on the dresser, and three or four benches over-populated by nine or ten or eleven small brothers and sisters.

There are no village halls, no community centers. An odd church concert is the height of the excitement, unless somebody arranges a rare donkey race, which then draws enormous crowds, proving the hunger for any kind of entertainment. The young people have no way of decently

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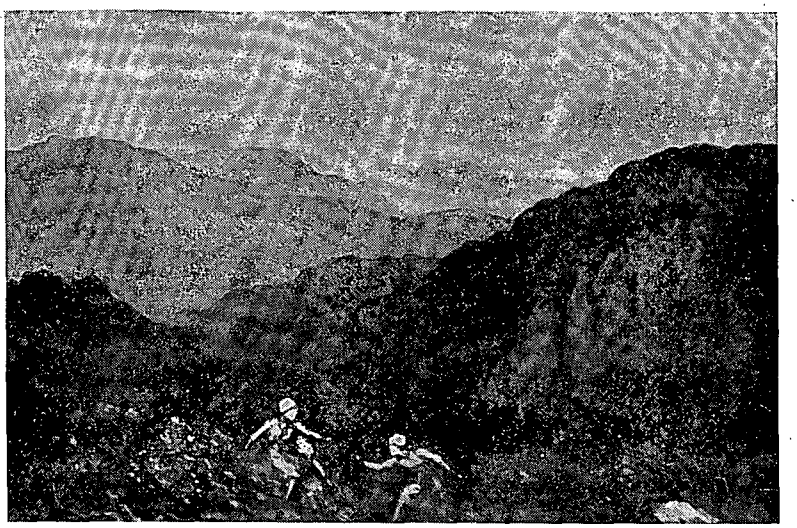
meeting. No wonder that boys who gather at the cross-roads summer evenings seethe and stew and haw-haw and "pass remarks" whenever a girl passes. No wonder infanticide is getting to be noticeable, "a new national sport" a facetious judge called it. The young people will manage to meet, and if a smile is a sin, why they might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb.

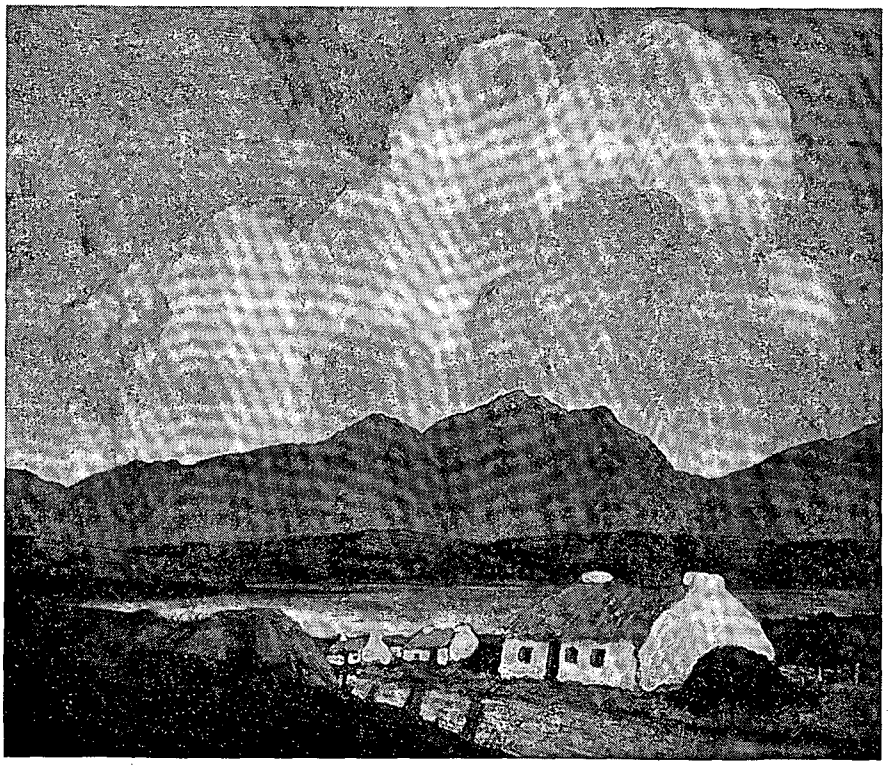
In a way the priests are right to police the roads, having inculcated the feeling that sex is sin. If a young man calls twice on a girl, some stern guardian of morals asks him his intentions. They don't, however, frighten everybody. A chance-met couple was sitting by the roadside here, in full and proper daylight. His reverence came by. He stopped. "Are you going to marry her?" The lad, who was a far-travelled sailor and not over amenable said, "I don't know, your reverence. I'm just having a try of her and she is just having a try of me, to see if we would be wanting to get married."



Shadowy Valley, by Æ (George W. Russell)

If "company-keeping" is thus made a thorny pleasure for the girls, what about their other great pleasure—clothes? The Irish country girl is no Kathleen ni Houlihan wrapped in a shawl any more. The shawl is really not seen much now even on elderly women, except in the slums. The bright, modern colors, artificial silk stockings, small hats and short skirts and the rest of the make-up are what their hearts desire beyond all things. But the shopkeepers exploit them outrageously. I suppose no meaner profiteers exist than in the small towns of Ireland, though the fault may lie less with their intentions than with their incompetent management and their uneducated clients. A shoddy, badly made coat with a bit of rabbit fur will cost from two to three pounds or more. And if a girl is getting eight pounds a year, as Molly did when she worked for the convent, or even the twelve pounds which are current country wages, she cannot get much of the brightness for that. But in America—!

Another thing which is vaguely connected with a change of country is better health. Here they are not healthy. They could be, of course, as Ireland has a really remarkably soft and gentle climate, but hygiene is practically unknown. Providence is still held to be responsible for every mishap and faith-curers are largely resorted to. These country girls, apparently so blooming with their red cheeks and bright eyes, are ailing with bad tonsils, adenoids, teeth, tuberculosis, anaemia, ulcers—all the diseases of carelessness and undernourishment and fatalism. The general feeling is that if you pay no attention to it "ah, sure, 'twill pass." Dentistry is synonymous with extraction. When I reproached a doctor for the rather high fees charged to the country people, he said, "But you know what they do? A farmer comes to a doctor, and he insists on getting a 'bottle.' You give him a prescription and he gets his bottle, and for the rest of the year he doctors his household with that, no matter what ails them."



In Connemara, by Paul Henry

A change of climate will not, of course, do much for this complaint. But it may for another. "Would there be ghosts in the far-away?" a girl asked me; she always referred to abroad as the far-away. I assured her that even in Ireland there weren't any. I didn't use to do this. I was thrilled with pleasure when I first came across the authentic belief in all kinds of superstitions, actually growing in living luxuriance here, where in other countries we had only their fossilized remains. But I soon learned to discourage ghost stories. I know that on the one hand people say that this sort of thing is no longer believed in Ireland, and on the other hand people say, "O, how too delightfully picturesque and amusing!"

Both are wrong. I should have liked a representative of each kind to have been in our kitchen the night a girl came running in, pitifully shaking and blanched with fear, unable (*Continued on page* 509)

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Maxfield Parrish made this drawing in 1893, when he was a curly-headed lad studying at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. He was making a frame for it one day in his father's studio when the late Walter Cope, the distinguished Philadelphia architect, came in and took such a fancy to it that he bought it when it was shown shortly afterwards at one of the Academy exhibitions. It was the first picture Maxfield Parrish had sold, and is reproduced here through the courtesy of Mrs. Cope, in whose home it has hung for thirty years.

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The World's Smallest

By HUGH GRANT ROWELL, M.D.

STEP right up, ladees and gentulmen. You have with you today THE WORLD'S SMALLEST, The Greatest Little Show on Earth. What is it? Where is it? That's what I'm going to tell you about.

Up near the Canadian border, in an attic closet, carefully preserved is the original WORLD'S SMALLEST. It had an animal cage or two, a baggage wagon, and a band wagon. But behind this show was the inspiration of the old Adam Forepaugh-Sells Brothers Shows, the Great Pan American, Sig. Sautelle's Circus, Downie and Wheeler, the ill-fated Norris and Rowe shows, the original Walter L. Main Circus, the Frank A. Robbins Circus, and even those little fly-by-nights that never left a town without a "Hey Rube" because of their nefarious practices. But after all, the circus photographs of that era show that the original WORLD'S SMALLEST was a pretty small affair.

The show today is by no means perfect and never will be, but it sure has grown. The show now is a concealed (circuses don't tell all they know) record of many happy visits to Spangleland, or many friends among the white tops, of visits to various communities, and a further memory of friends who aided in making the WORLD'S SMALLEST greater and better. Be it known that the Greatest Little Show on Earth has representatives who scour the old and new world for new wonders.

But perhaps you have already seen or heard of this show. That old whaling city of New Bedford adopted the WORLD'S SMALLEST. It appeared publicly and the local newspaper gave it all the ballyhoo that the same paper gives the BIG ONE (the joy of every circus lover's heart) when that stupendous travelling city of wonders visits the old home of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Or more likely you recall when the WORLD'S SMALLEST played day and date with its gigantic rival in the Madison Square region before the new Garden was built. Maybe you were there the day the old razorback sneaked over from the Garden to the dangerous depths and jungles of Fifth Avenue to see whether the reports of this great little show were really true. Or you may have seen the official inspection by Lew Graham, incomparable herald of the white tops, he of the sonorous tones which filled the huge big top of the Ringling-Barnum Circus, and who, when a chronic illness finally forced his retirement, wept bitterly and refused to be comforted. And *he* liked the little show, lauded it and "praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed," I am informed by those who know. At any rate, the evening when the WORLD'S SMALLEST came to town unadvertised, crowds gathered about the show-window lot and revealed all the interest found on the larger lots of Spangleland. And after the little circus was set up, and you could see the train ready to reload, and the cages and animals of the menagerie, and the sideshow with all the freaks, and the big top with its rings and stages, then indeed came a rare treat for New Yorkers—seeing a circus in a tent and not in an auditorium.

THERE was one important omission at that time. The cook-house could not be set up for lack of room. But, as the honorary press representative stated (he was at that time on the Big One), the animals and performers on the WORLD'S SMALLEST could live on their reputation—if any. But now the little circus has *some* cook-house with all modern equipment—folding ovens, steam tables fed by the boiler on the special wagon where the potatoes boil in their jackets, tables, table cloths, dishes, refrigerator wagon, coffee boiler, even a water cooler. And the chefs and waiters are always ready to serve meals. The food is splendid. If you said this in circus language you would say "a la Webb" since the steward on the Big One has made his own reputation as a purveyor of meals. And I personally would be inclined to add, "as good as those Andrew Downie has on his shows"—which brings back pleasant memories of visits with the grand old man of the truck shows, just retired for the *nth* time and in a week decided to come back. They say he could take a couple of boards and a few pieces of wire and some canvas and build a circus.

Speaking of food, just look at what the WORLD'S SMALLEST provides—lettuce, potatoes (all kinds of vegetables, in fact), and meats, and breads, and cakes, and good things like milk to drink, all served on tablecloths just like real circuses. The steward wants to have the meals well balanced and to protect everybody from acidosis, he once sent the show crates of real oranges.

Supposing we look over the outfit. But where shall we begin? We'll go up to

When is a prof not a prof? This intriguing conundrum is answered in the accompanying pages. But to be sure all Survey subscribers actually read Dr. Rowell's article, we herewith give the equally intriguing answer in advance: When he is a circus fan. Throwing all academic dignity aside for the moment, Dr. Hugh Grant Rowell of the Department of Health Education of Teacher's College describes some of the play habits of the members of the dignified organization known as the Circus Fans, in which is to be found "a banker or two, authors, publicity men, some of Commander Byrd's executives, a famous literateur of the tented world, a mariner who specializes in mid-ocean rescues, a radio star" and many other celebrities. Most graphic is Dr. Rowell's description of the Smallest Circus in the world—the plaything of this august body. As far as we know this is its first appearance in print. Read what he has to say and you will probably want to own—and perhaps even build—a World's Smallest yourself.

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the front door and ask for the press-agent-back, or maybe we know somebody. If it was a real show, I'd ask for Eddie Jackson or whoever was with that particular show and—well, circus people sure can make you feel welcome, and they do say, they can do the reverse. But here we are. We find the regular lanes for the crowd to enter, the cash registers, the exchange desk, and everybody is all ready to prove that the "doors open at 1 and 7 P. M., one hour before the perfawmunce begins, in order that you may have time to inspect the world-famous menagerie. Come on in, guests of the owner. What do you want to see?

THE forty-fifty elephants? Well some of them are all dolled up for the spec—howdahs, and all such things. Interesting animals, elephants. Did you read that latest story of Courtney Riley Cooper's about them in the SatEvePost? But our elephants all have high I. Q.'s according to the most objective tests. They all have health examinations on their birthdays and to give an elephant a health examination, even on his birthday, is a large order. The leader of the elephants, the king elephant, came from New Bedford. On the WORLD'S SMALLEST he is called the "Mayor of Elephants." His name is Charley. Why? Here's a question for the "Ask Me Another's"—who was New Bedford's most famous mayor? Also what mayor of New Bedford believes in closing schools on circus day?

Anyone will tell you elephants are problem children—the reverse is not true, by the way. One or two of the pachyderms—reminds me of the classic about the one and only Ed. Norwood hunting for new words for elephants. Maybe you've read The Other Side of the Circus. Well, one or two elephants would break the Volstead act unless watched. There was a very unfortunate occurrence when they were given the cigarette test and it cost the show a lot of good advertising—you see one joker rolled some hay into one set of cigarette papers and the herd all voted for that brand.

WHITE elephant? Certainly. Found wandering up and down Lexington Avenue looking in the windows. Who, the elephant or the manager? Take your choice. And any rate Pawissima appeared in the WORLD'S SMALLEST one year before Pawa appeared on the Big One. Sea elephant? Certainly. A well-known perfume manufacturer supplied liberal samples of his product daily for this strange denizen of the deep. There is a reason. But that is telling secrets. This strange creature is to be seen on his private taxi making the rounds of the arena, and roaring requests for large portions of fish, which his keeper supplies. He has a deep bass voice. The sea elephant, I mean. Perhaps the keeper has, too.

Most of the animals—and they are from every land and clime—are well behaved and lead a happy life. They love to go into the arena and perform on the stages and in the dens. The bears are particularly fond of their trainers and show their affection in almost human manner. Then, too, they are proud of their dens, all silver and gold, and jewels, and flags, and when they go out in the parade which passes through the "main streets of your city" at 12 o'clock sharp, they remind one most of monarchs reviewing their subjects, and the hippo, who is a very frank sort of individual, frequently opens his mouth and yawns—perhaps from sheer ennui—and when a hippo yawns—. No, the rhino does not blow his own horn. You're misinformed. He doesn't like this rumor and he has a bad temper. So beware!

But there goes the whistle. Better get into the big top and save the monkeys and elephants from indigestion from an over-diet of peanuts and no jokes about the herd of giraffes, please?

My what fine seats! Know any of the people around you? Did you ever hear the one about the postman who goes for a walk when he gets a holiday? Can you guess what circus folk do when they get a day off? Here are some of them anyway. A little later, they will explain why the elephant trainer should not use the hook so much, in fact you will listen to a verbal dissection of every act on the program, the good and the bad expertized. It is very interesting. You can talk circus with them. Join in. You are in "Aristocracy Row." The management has honored you. Yes the seats. All pack in the wagons, planks, jacks, stringers and everything. Later on, if you visit the cookhouse on the WORLD'S SMALLEST, you will see some of these same people enjoying further hospitality from the show.

HERE comes the band moving around the track. It is one of six on the show. It's a mounted band, imported at great expense from Nürnberg, twenty-five pieces, right and left drums, took four years to find, but how the glittering uniforms and the martial music bring the crowd to their feet! And the riders in the spec, each carrying a flag. Later you will see their maneuvers in the "Festival of the Flags" in which beautiful damosels and stalwart gentlemen present "a superb equestrian conception introducing in one vast elliptical arena the greatest number of performing horses ever presented in a single display." Get out your dictionary.

Then follow the sumptuous jewel cars, veritable jewel cases on wheels and drawn by milk-white steeds. Here, too, is Cinderella's wagon, actually a copy of such an equipage on the Big One. On the other hand, one of the small admirers of the WORLD'S SMALLEST claims that the Big One stole the idea from the Greatest Little Show, which of course is untrue.

Then come the various acts. Dainty Lillian Leitzel, queen of the white tops, might not recognize herself, but there she is, right over the center ring. And in the riding act in Ring Number One, you'll see something that's a stupendous managerial achievement, May Wirth, "the greatest bareback rider that ever lived," and Poodles Hanneford, comedian par excellence, in the same riding act.

The Flying Cadonas, those aerialists of the screen and the white tops, are on the program, too. Or maybe it's the Charles Siegrist Troupe. I dunno. And it's interesting to think that of all music for these "triple somersaulting, double-twisting, and reverse flights through space," The Kiss in the Dark by America's greatest composer of melody, seems to have the finest rhythm of all. And when the air calliope takes up that strain, any circus lover will imagine the supreme moment of his life has arrived, as he watches these human birds interpret music through flight.

Down on the track again for the winged horse, with a complete aviary of pretty girls. Then there's the fox hunt. And a chariot race. Look above at the swinging ladders. And down at the end—ah—look at that man perform on the

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tight wire. That perch act is good too. What a long pole they use! Sailor costumes, of course—after all, like sailors performing on a mast!

That's an amusing bear riding the bicycle. Look at Alf Loyal and his dogs, the happiest, busiest group of canines that ever gambolled through a joyous quarter hour twice a day to the delight of young and old alike. And oh, that clown dog. And, by the way, did you ever see Zero?

There's the clown fire department! Well, look at all the joey's! I think there is Felix. There's Jack too. They're doing the Bumble Bee. But who is the third joey—he doesn't belong there. That is my job, I am the second comic and not that fellow. Which reminds me of one glorious evening when Felix and Jack and I revealed to a delighted faculty and student body (tried by a jury of our peers, you see) that clowning is one of the greatest of arts, and Felix and Jack and I still review that evening whenever we three are gathered together. All the latest gags are found on the track of the WORLD'S SMALLEST — guess there are thutty or fawty clowns, all right, all working.

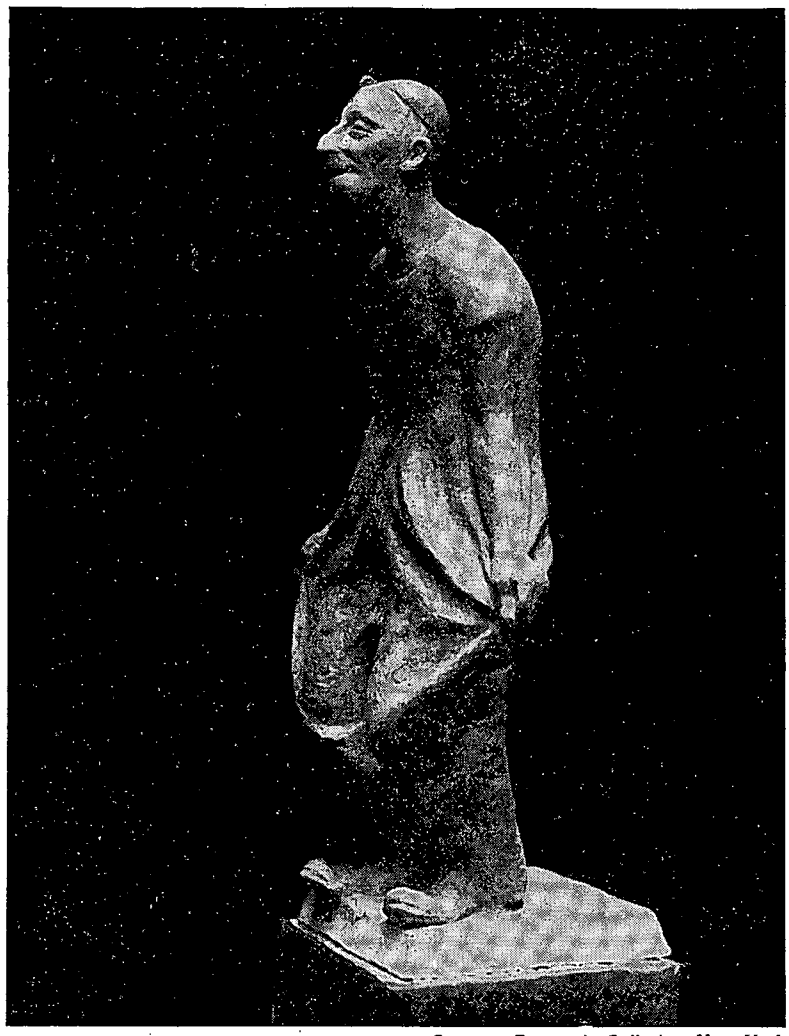
And the trained horses, look at them rise on their hind legs and walk about. And see that litter drawn by camels, containing perhaps some eastern princess, some harem queen, or perhaps—well, someone less romantic.

Look at that stage now—those trained seals—why does everybody love to see trained seals? See that one riding the horse. I suppose Barnum or Coup or Lent or Bailey or Forepaugh or some of the old timers would have called it a "sealequestrian" and featured it. You can believe anything after some of the names they used to use for their shows, and, too, there is the classic story of Barnum's "egress."

There's the wild west crowd. My, what howling and screaming! The WORLD'S SMALLEST uses no special title for its wild west. Nevertheless the old Buffalo Bill title survives today as the wild west concert of the Floto show. But in time there will be another addition to the WORLD'S SMALLEST group of shows and that will be a real wild-wester. Maybe we can get rights to the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch real Wild West title. That's the worst of the circus business, you are not content with one show. Brownie Brothers, the little truck show, is coming along nicely, thank you. Dated, courtesy Jimmie Heron, manager of the biggest truck show.

Well, show's over. Tired out, are you? It's hard work watching a big circus. Now's the time for visits, that is unless something special comes up, like an elephant elopement or any story that has to go on the wire, that the next town may be able to receive the show adequately, and a circus has a huge interpretation of "adequate."

Let's go out to the stake and chain wagon. Have I shown you the new spool wagon? That is a souvenir of visits to the Sells-Floto show for years. It is really a very nice model, with all the latest doo-dads. And best of all, it was worked out with the help of the inventor, William H. or Bill Curtis, lot superintendent extraordinary, who "gets it up and down" if anyone can, who is a pecan magnate (and oh, such marvelous pecans), and, who like Harry Lauder, holds a farewell tour yearly. If he ever carried out his threat, the Circus Fans (of whom more later), would all put on mourning. Then, too, here's the model of the Curtis seat wagon, again the result of numerous conferences.



Courtesy Bourgeois Galleries, New York

THE CLOWN, *by Numa Patlagean*

Here's some wagons, too, copies of similar equipment on the Sparks Circus, that little gem usually known as a little Ringling show. During the past year, its owner retired and the show world has lost much thereby.

Back in the menagerie, you'll find cages copied from those on the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, the Sells-Floto Circus, and, of course, the Big One. That's the fun, find a beautiful cage and reproduce it. Then, too the latest cage, with gold statues on the corner, a creation of blue and gold, is a model from a photo of a Sparks cage, dated by Eddie Jackson.

Band wagons. There are famous ones. Here's a copy of one that many a time paraded proudly down Fifth Avenue. Now its on a southern show which comes East once in a while, and it reminds me of pleasant chats with Fletcher Smith, one of the old timers, and—now I recall that it was on this show that I first had the privilege of seeing them set things up inside the tents, (*Continued on page* 506)

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A Celebrated Trial

By WALDO L. COOK

THE publication of the official record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case[1], covering in various stages a period of seven years in the courts of Massachusetts, has been a distinct public service. The eleven distinguished lawyers from several sections of the country, who have sponsored the enterprise as meeting an historical need, and the publishers, Henry Holt & Company of New York, deserve special recognition for work performed without a trace of prejudice or partisanship. The judicial detachment of the sponsors is apparent in the closing words of their prefatory note: "Misspelt words and errors in punctuation which occur in the record are reprinted without change, as we were unwilling to make any corrections whatever."

Everything available that could be secured from official sources has been included in these six volumes. Yet through no fault of the compilers, the court record of the trial of Vanzetti for the Bridgewater holdup is incomplete, notably in the closing arguments of counsel to the jury. It should also be noted by the student of the two trials—for the Bridgewater holdup and the later South Braintree murders—that the record becomes incomplete when the petitions of Sacco and Vanzetti for executive clemency reach Governor Fuller.

There is nothing herein printed concerning many private hearings and interviews held in the executive offices between the governor and various witnesses, advisors and citizens appealing in the last stage for a commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment. Even the record of the work of the Lowell advisory committee, as printed, is incomplete. The prefatory note to these volumes says that the committee heard some witnesses "privately." Counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti were excluded from the room when Judge Webster Thayer, accused of prejudice in the trial, appeared before the Lowell committee, which led Mr. Thompson to say in his closing argument for the defense before that committee:

> I unfortunately do not know what Judge Thayer said to you. You will recognize the difficulty of asking me to argue a case on testimony I have not heard. It is the first time in my life that I have ever been required to argue a case where a witness, who perhaps is the most important witness of all, has testified in private. (Page 5267, volume 5.)

This fact is not without importance in view of the precedent established in the exercise of the executive power by the governor's appointment of the Lowell advisory committee, an extra-constitutional body which in effect conducted a new trial, partly in secret. The precedent is a sore point to many of the legal profession in Massachusetts. Governors hereafter will find it troublesome. On May 3 last, Governor Allen rebuked counsel for Knowlton, sentenced to death, when he cited the precedent of the Lowell advisory committee in arguing for the broadest review of the Knowlton case.

NECESSARILY, a publication of the unabridged court record cannot be a complete history of the emotional aspects of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, nor of the reactions to it of various groups of society. By the time the case had reached the governor for action on the defendants' petition, it had developed far beyond the dimensions of ordinary murder cases, or even of murder cases made sensational by mystery or the high social station of the accused. Those far-reaching marginal aspects must be studied largely outside of the court record.

Certainly, an understanding of them is essential to a complete explanation of the final execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. For even after the Lowell advisory committee's report, the governor was still entirely free to use his powerful constitutional influence with the executive council to have the death sentence changed to life imprisonment. It is of record in these volumes that the Lowell committee was not asked to advise the governor whether the death sentence should be commuted to life imprisonment; it was asked only to pass on the question of the defendants' guilt.

The official record gives no support to the view that the governor's responsibility for permitting the execution had been in the least degree shifted to the committee's shoulders. In the last analysis, the execution presented an issue of public policy in the decision of which the committee had no share.

The Record of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

TWO YEARS have swung round since the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. During the past twelve months, eleven American lawyers have sponsored the rare public service of two of them, Bernard Flexner and Charles C. Burlingham, in editing the transcript of the trial and subsequent proceedings. We turned to the editor of The Springfield Republican to appraise their work and to give with the perspective of time and the record before him, his interpretation of the significance of the volumes. Among the great newspapers of Massachusetts, The Springfield Republican stood out in urging that so long as there were doubts in the minds of reasonable men as to the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti, it was a mistake to put them to death; and Mr. Cook was one of a group who called on Governor Fuller the day set, and urged him to stay the execution. His course throughout took courage. The work sponsored by the eleven lawyers, running to some 6,000 pages, fortifies the journalist in his stand.

[1] The Sacco-Vanzetti Case, Transcript of the Record of the Trial and Subsequent Proceedings. Holt. Six volumes. 6,094 pp. Price $25 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

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Under the constitutional system of Massachusetts, the governor and his council were alone responsible for the execution, for they could have prevented it on the high ground of public policy, without in the least undermining the courts in the administration of justice. It is only fair to the Lowell committee to have this made clear.

The writer of this brief review will outline the effect on his own mind of some study of these six volumes, with particular reference to outstanding points in controversy developed *after* the Dedham trial. These points may be classified under identifications, the mortal bullet, consciousness of guilt and alibis.

1. *Identifications.* We now have accessible the full text of the speech of District Attorney Katzmann to the jury in the Dedham trial and also, for purpose of comparison, the full text of the speech of his successor, District Attorney Ranney, to the Lowell committee seven years later. Important is this comparison in estimating the value of the identification testimony of Roy Gould, who was not called at all to the stand in the trial. Mr. Katzmann in 1920 took pains to demonstrate by Mrs. Nichols, in his jury argument, that of the defense witnesses who swore that Sacco and Vanzetti were not in the bandit gang some eight or ten were laborers who, when the shooting began, "ran back to the Nichols house . . . turned their backs in the protection of their own safety . . . and did not see what happened." (Page 2186, vol. 2.)

Assuming that the jury were influenced by this wholesale discrediting of eight or ten defense witnesses because of their conduct and position, the complete elimination of Gould's testimony, for one cause or another, assumes more significance.

In his speech to the Lowell committee in 1927, District Attorney Ranney spoke as follows:

> Roy E. Gould was what is known as a later discovered witness—we may characterize him as such. He was in an advantageous position to have seen the murder car, did see it, had a bullet pass through his coat, saw some of the people in the murder car, and was taken later, when discovered, to the Dedham jail and there could not identifiy Sacco and Vanzetti. (Page 5342, vol. 5.)

Yet Mr. Ranney argued to the Lowell committee that Judge Thayer was justified in not granting a new trial because Gould's testimony would have been merely "cumulative." His own description of Gould, however, established him as perhaps the best of the many identification witnesses. The student of the case hereafter will note that the jury never heard of Gould.

2. *The Mortal Bullet.* Since the execution it has been difficult to ascertain to what extent expert bullet testimony, in addition to what was placed before the jury in 1920, became available to the governor and the Lowell committee seven years later. It would now appear from the brief submitted by defense counsel, Messrs. Thompson and Ehrmann, to the Lowell committee, that the committee took no additional expert testimony into consideration. There is no way of checking up on the governor in this particular. In the last days before the governor's decision an expert "named Goddard" from New York, appeared on the scene and his experiments with the mortal bullet, which he declared were unfavorable to the defense, were exploited in the Boston press. One now finds in the Thompson-Ehrmann brief, this reference:

> We understand that the committee has not given consideration to the most recent expert, Goddard. We have had no opportunity to cross-examine him, or to point out certain important facts tending to offset his conclusions, whatever they may be. (Page 5373, vol. 5.)

The state's case regarding the mortal bullet has thus been thrown back, apparently, to the testimony in 1920 of the experts, Captains Van Amburgh and Proctor, for support. Van Amburgh's testimony has always been troublesome to the defense. In their brief submitted to the Lowell committee, Thompson and Ehrmann expressed doubt as to the "authenticity . . . of the mortal bullet." (Page 5373, vol. 5.) Assuming that their doubt was groundless, Van Amburgh's testimony was impressive. A certain odd marking on the mortal bullet did correspond to a "pit" in the barrel of Sacco's pistol. Yet when he came to the point, Van Amburgh would state his opinion no more strongly than that he was "inclined" to believe that the mortal bullet was fired through Sacco's pistol.

The part played by Captain Proctor, the other bullet expert for the state, has been made familiar. One finds that Mr. Ranney, in his closing speech to the Lowell committee, in 1927, suggested that Proctor's famous use of the word "consistent" merely meant that the mortal bullet "might have" been fired through Sacco's pistol and that the jury understood it in that sense. (Page 5344, vol. 2.) This was the view adopted by the Lowell committee.

None of the lawyers in the 1920 trial, either for the prosecution or for the defense, discussed Proctor's bullet testimony. The early defense thus lost an opening for an effective attack on the state's experts, for Proctor did not actually believe that the mortal bullet passed through Sacco's pistol, as he admitted after the trial. Yet, in his charge to the jury Judge Thayer (page 2254, vol. 2) held that Van Amburgh and Proctor were in agreement as to the mortal bullet. The Lowell committee completed the circle of misunderstanding when it declared in its report that the jury was perfectly able to understand Proctor's real meaning, although the jury had been charged by the judge that Proctor meant something else entirely.

3. *Consciousness of Guilt.* Judge Thayer said, in denying a motion for a new trial, that what convicted the defendants was the consciousness of guilt evidence.

Page 5340, volume 5, becomes specially interesting because of what the judge said. Therein is the following statement by Mr. Ranney to the Lowell committee, in 1927, concerning the cross-examination of Sacco by his predecessor, District Attorney Katzmann, in 1920:

> The defendants lied. They admit they lied. . . . They say they lied because they feared deportation and other dire results from their being radicals. That is the reason for radicalism coming into that case at all, and we can confidently say that it was introduced by the defendants and developed further by Mr. Katzmann in a bitter, cruel, harsh cross-examination—that is what a cross examination is for if you choose to use that method—although I am not a believer myself in it.
>
> . . . Mr. Katzmann's cross-examination . . . to me at least—brought out clearer and clearer that these men were radicals. But if it did, was it not helpful to the defendants because it proved that their express reasons for falsehoods—if you can give any reasons for falsehoods, as I claim you can't—were valid reasons, so that the harmful effect of Mr. Katzmann's cross-examination was in reality beneficial to them, because it showed that after all they probably did have some good reason, or the jury might have felt that they had some good reason for their falsehoods.

If that was Mr. Ranney's (*Continued on page* 507)

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The Scattered Skulls

By P. H. J. LERRIGO, M.D.

Photographs by William Hamilton, Alaska Division, Bureau of Education

Several months ago Dr. Waldemar Bogoras of Leningrad University and the Siberian tundra told Survey readers how he has carried modern education to men and women of the far North, whose culture is that of their ancestors—hunters of the ice age who followed the game as the melting glaciers receded across Europe a hundred centuries ago (see Survey Graphic, December, 1928, page 295). Here is another chapter of that story, set down for us by the American physician who shared with Dr. Bogoras the adventures in the north of the Behring Sea which he here describes.

HE painted me as a gaunt medieval mystic with a modern scientific education and a curious obscurantist religious philosophy. The book was published in Russian, hence I have never read it, but I am assured that it passed through an edition of 100,000 or more and that during early Soviet days it was suppressed. I met him again recently after twenty-eight years and the circumstances of our previous meeting came flooding back to my mind: the sub-Arctic ice-fringed sea, the disgruntled Eskimo, the reindeer with the broken leg, the devastating epidemic of measles, the valley of human bones and the terrible toothache of the Cossack soldier. But let me relate the events in their proper order together with their astonishing *dénouement*.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the Education Agent for Alaska had visited the little isolated Eskimo and Indian villages along the shores of the Behring Sea, the Yukon River and the Arctic Ocean for many summers. He knew Ahninga, Shoolook and Ashoona, later my trusted friends. He had visited their octagonal huts made of drift wood washed upon the beaches of St. Lawrence Island from numerous Arctic wrecks. If these little groups of hardy people were to be saved from complete extinction he knew that they must be given a surer basis of existence than the meagre products of the chase. Hence his romantic proposal to the Government that domestic reindeer be introduced and the villagers raised in the scale of civilization from hunters to herders. The reindeer would serve as a draft animal, provide milk and meat for food and furnish warm hides for shoes and clothing. Life would be a different thing for the Eskimo with the reindeer as his economic base instead of the seal and walrus.

The experiment was tried. First, the attempt was made to ship a herd of four hundred choice deer from Lapland. The long journey was difficult in the extreme. There were losses between Lapland and New York owing to rough weather. After the journey from New York to Seattle in cattle cars and the long sea voyage to the mouth of the Unalaklik River, it was a sadly diminished herd which finally reached Alaska. To assure a fair trial of his plan, Dr. Jackson finally obtained reindeer of a satisfactory though less domesticated type from Indian Point and other villages on the Siberian shore of the Behring Sea. In time the cattle began to multiply and small herds were distributed at different points along the Alaskan shores.

It was in connection with this enterprise that the writer went to Alaska in the year 1899 and ultimately found himself the only white American upon St. Lawrence Island representing civilization and the United States Government as postmaster, teacher, physician, guide, philosopher, friend and general factotum among a small group of Eskimos.

St. Lawrence Island lies in the north of the Behring Sea and is nearer Siberia than Alaska. Indeed, the Siberian hills can be seen on a fine day, rising from the sea less than forty miles away. It was a sufficiently isolated situation. The population of the island consisted at the time of three hundred and fifty Eskimos—and me. Mail came once a year, with the annual visit of the revenue cutter. In the early fall the northeast gales drove the heavy ice floes down through the Behring Straits and the sea was soon covered with a mass of broken ice which cut off communication with the outside world until the following summer. Life was monotonous in the extreme, and the one American depended upon his friends, the Eskimos, for companionship and diversion almost as much as they did upon him for a variety of things.

IT was the early summer of the second year, and the sea was open. Only the tender shore ice and an occasional heavy floe remained, and the air carried a hint of the balmy southland. The brief night had passed. There had been no darkness for in that latitude sunset blends with dawn in early June. Ahninga was pounding upon the door of the little combination school house and dwelling. Let me preserve his broken English rather than my defective Eskimo:

"Doctor, Doctor," he shouted excitedly as he kept up a vigorous tattoo on the closed door, "Come, see white man."

"No!" said I sceptically.

"Yes, yes. Have got. One piece, two piece white man."

"Wait a minute until I get into my clothes."

"All right. You plenty hurry. Boat come quick."

Ahninga and I hurried to the beach and were in time to welcome the occupants of a great skin canoe or *oomiak* which had just succeeded in crossing the stretch of water which divided our island from Siberia. There were ten swarthy Siberian Chukchees, fur-clad, stalwart, Mongolian-eyed, olive-brown-skinned natives. But the interest of our villagers was chiefly excited by two white men who sat in the stern of the *oomiak*. The one was a short, bearded, grizzled, middle-aged Russian. His companion was a tall, raw-boned

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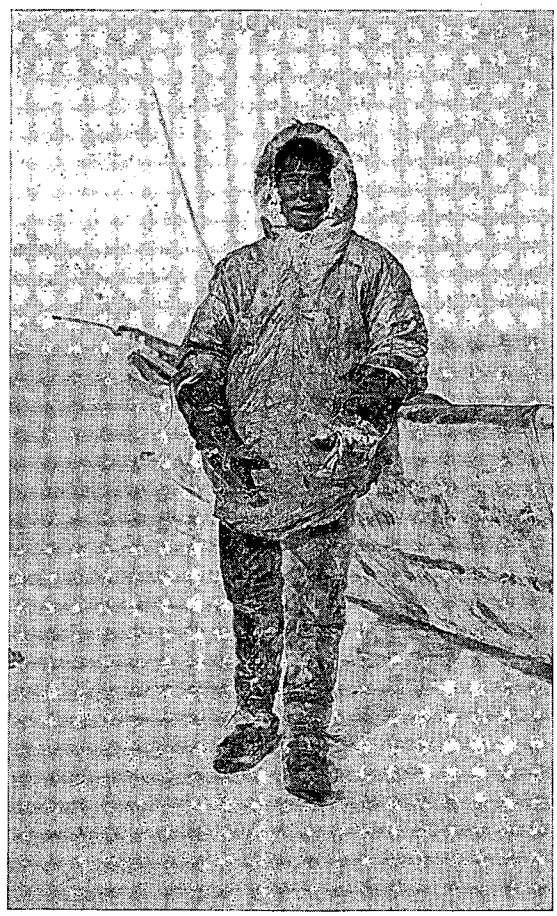
Cossak soldier clad in an ample reindeer-fur robe with broad flaring skirt reaching to the knees.

The bearded Russian introduced himself in excellent but foreign-accented English as Waldemar Bogoras, in charge of the Maurice K. Jessup expedition to study the anthropology of the North Pacific regions. The coming of an intelligent English-speaking stranger was to me like manna from heaven. I took him home and killed the fatted calf, or at least opened my choicest tins of fruit and brought forth my most succulent baked beans. And then we talked.

Mr. Bogoras had been isolated for many months among the Siberian Chukchees, while I had been two years with my St. Lawrence Island Eskimos. We were hungry for the sight of a white face and the sound of a civilized tongue. We talked of Arctic conditions, the Behring Sea, the folk lore of the people, ethnological characteristics, the weather, the food, the hunting, the long winter season of the sub-Arctic region. We talked of ourselves, our relatives, our homes, our histories, our ambitions, our jobs, our friends, our native lands, our likes and our dislikes. We talked of philology, philosophy, anthropology, geography, geology, medicine, science, art, poetry and religion. Especially religion. All night long we talked of religion. That is, it would have been all night had the sun seen fit to sink far below the horizon. As it was our talk continued while the prolonged twilight merged into a crimson dawn.

I gave Mr. Bogoras the details of my brief and uneventful career. He told me the dramatic and tragic story of his past—how he, as Survey readers already know, had been a student of science in St. Petersburg, when for political reasons, he was thrown into a dungeon and finally transported to exile in Siberia, above the terrible dead line. Here he had lived with the Arctic peoples, the Chukchees and the Eskimos. He had come to feel as much at home in the igloo or snow hut as in the homes of St. Petersburg friends. He and his wife, also an exile, had passed the long years of loneliness and privation, learning native customs and languages, penetrating the native mind and heart. Thus Waldemar Bogoras acquired his keen interest in anthropological studies and folk-lore.



A native Eskimo and his great skin canoe or oomiak on the shore of St. Lawrence Island

When upon the accession of the last Russian Czar Bogoras was pardoned, he returned to St. Petersburg and after completing his scientific studies chose definitely to embrace the career of an anthropologist and return to the scene of his long exile. But he came under very different conditions. He was now authorized and equipped to carry on scientific researches and his modest expedition was financed by a great American philanthropist.

It was but a step from the Siberian shore to our island in the bright June weather, and thus it was that the writer came to know this vivid personality. It was not until thirty years later that I found he had studied, analyzed and classified me as carefully and with as much interest as he did the Chukchee natives. He has told me since that he considered me a sort of a curiosity—but let that wait.

The Cossack servant was both an asset and an embarrassment. But after all his toothache doubtless saved our lives, so that he assays to the good on the whole. Bogoras was very curious about the amiable custom in practice among our people of strangling anyone who was seriously ill to prevent his dying—that is to avoid his passing away naturally. Their philosophy was simple. The man was ill; clearly he had a devil. Now if the devil slew the man he would remain within him and the victim would suffer an eternity of torture. Far better therefore to let the demon out by active means, even though the spirit of the sufferer went with it.

Three miles from the village was a precipitous volcanic hill and here the bodies of the departed villagers were laid. A deceased chief would find his resting place among the jagged rocks toward the summit of the mountain. Others were thrown here and there upon the declivity, their standing in the community being indicated with more or less accuracy by the altitude of the place occupied. No effort was made to carry the body of a woman up the hill. She was thrown into a pit at its foot. The depression at the foot of the hill became a charnal house filled with heaps of human bones to which were added dislodged skulls that came rattling down the mountain side from time to time. Bogoras coveted the splendid anthropological material to be found in such abundance at the bottom of this hill.

"Doctor," said he, "I must have some of those skulls."

"What for?" was my startled inquiry.

"Well, I am making some careful comparisons of physical formation among these northern peoples and I want to be able to take numerous measurements of the cranial diameters. Do you think it would be safe for us to secure some of the skulls?"

"It is for you to judge, Mr. Bogoras. You know the superstitions of the people quite as well as I do. It would not surprise me if we had trouble in case you disturb those relics."

"Nevertheless, I think I must have a try. I will take my Cossack and we will go exploring over in the direction of the mountain. He can hide a good many things beneath the flowing skirt of his robe."

"All right, Mr. Bogoras. Go to it if you must."

On the following morning the two set forth, unaware that our native villagers were watching them through the

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cheap telescopes they had received in trade from the whaling captains and which they commonly used to look for seals and walrus on the ice floes.

"Well, Ashoana," said I to the old shaman (medicine man) who was standing in the middle of a small group, curiously following the progress and proceedings of our friends, "What do you think of it?"

"Very bad. Touch skull, get devil" was the reply.

The same group was gathered about the rear door of my house when the two white men returned. Mr. Bogoras had the expression of a cat which has been at the cream, but the Cossack's usual stolid look was not in the least altered although the way his garment bulged about the waist indicated the presence of the skulls which were threaded upon a piece of rope and fastened below the skirt. The Cossack undertook to follow Mr. Bogoras into the house, but his newly acquired girth was too great for the doorway, the rope encircling his waist broke and the skulls came rattling about his feet, some falling across the threshold, others rolling to the feet of the observant group.

The stolid faces of the onlookers registered displeasure and even wrath. We retrieved the scattered skulls and carried them within, shutting out the frowning natives. But the following night was an uneasy one and we slept with firearms handy.

The next morning the Cossack developed a terrible toothache. It was so severe that he came to me for relief and in the presence of a group of admiring natives I applied the dental forceps and removed the offending member. Ahninga, one of the younger men, explained the situation:

"Tooth got devil," he said. "Plenty bad man. Touch tooth in skull. Devil get him. Serve him right."

A relief of the tension was apparent at once. The spirit had avenged itself and justice was vindicated. My friend Bogoras, the Cossack, and their Chukchee companions were permitted to embark in their skin canoe without molestation and return to Siberia by the way they had come.

There was, however, a rather serious aftermath to the visit. Some days later an epidemic of measles broke out in the village. Every single person, old and young, had them except the writer who had had them many years before. Ashoona offered an explanation of the visitation. A day or two before, a steamer had passed the island carrying mining prospectors to Cape Nome. They had crowded to the railing of the deck looking with much curiosity upon our little village. The ship's whistle had saluted our flag and volumes of black smoke had poured from the funnel, but the vessel had not delayed her journey to pay us even a brief visit. Ashoona connected the appearance of the measles with the passing of this steamer. Sitting in my little kitchen he gradually delivered himself of this fragmentary soliloquy (the English is Ahninga's):

"My people plenty sick—no can eat—no can sleep. Want plenty water—plenty hot—have got plenty spots. Other day come big ship—plenty white man—make big noise—big smoke. Me think big ship bring devil from white man's country."

It was with regret that I undeceived him and pointed out that the measles were doubtless brought by the company from Siberia with my friend, Mr. Bogoras.

THE years passed—twenty-eight of them—but the events here related were not dimmed in my mind by a multitude of later experiences in many parts of the world. And then the incredibly unexpected happened. It was in December, 1928, that into my comfortable New York office walked the Siberian exile. None other! It was an older and grayer Waldemar Bogoras, but unmistakably the friend of my Arctic exile.

"It is you?" he said interrogatively. "I remember you as gaunt and tall."

"Yes, it is I" I replied, "and you are you." I found it difficult to speak. There had been a tenderness in my heart all these years for the little man who had brought a breath of home into the loneliness of my Arctic dwelling nearly three decades ago.

We went to lunch together. I had regained control of my voice and we were ready to pour out conversation again in a flood, as once we had done on the island in the gray Behring Sea.

"Wait," I said. "Let us give the waiter our orders first, and then we will talk."

He laughed. "Years ago you were the idealist," he said, "and I was the materialist. Now it is the reverse."

We talked our way through oysters and soup, and something else, I don't know what. I paid the bill and we were still talking. We sat in the lobby absorbed in one another and talked and talked some more. People stared at us, but he did not care, and no more did I.

I found that the years had brought him greatness. He is now a noted Russian author and scientist, Professor Waldemar Bogoras, President of the Ethnological Section of the Geographical Faculty of Leningrad University. He is one of the foremost Americanists in Russia and was in this country attending and lecturing at the Association for the Advancement of Science. He told me that upon returning to Russia after the visit to my island he had written a novel about me. It seemed a very curious thing to him that a trained physician should bury himself in the wilderness among a handful of savage (*Continued on page* 504)

"The lone American depended upon his friends, the Eskimos, for companionship . . . almost as much as they did upon him for a variety of things"

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Great Currents Moving

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

GENEVA, where this is written, offers a point of view particularly favorable for the estimation of relative importance. One is not deafened, as in New York, by the clatter of local noises, the shouting of scurrying little bipeds crying "lo, here!" and "lo, there!" each imagining himself or his group to be the very center of the universe, the flavor of the whole world that of the particular essence in which his own nose has rubbed. This Switzerland has its own doings and exitements, but they need not divert one trying to discern the direction and significance of world-currents.

Far or near, nothing looms like the settlement of the reparations question and the preparations for the great international bank which will unify the financial interests of the world. Not long ago in these pages I tried to indicate the importance of that project; here at the "capital of the world" it takes on an aspect nothing less than prodigious. It seems hardly too much to say that that gathering of the "Young Committee," of experts to find agreement between Germany and the so-called Allies, was the most momentous ever held in the world. And those who devoted to it four months of such intensive labor as men seldom have to do—at times seemingly both helpless and interminable—may comfort themselves with the reflection that they have registered the longest step ever taken in the direction of unity and world peace. There are those, such as the German ultra-Nationalists, and the purblind Lilliputians in our own Senate, who would play politics with their mother's bones, who would like to thwart this great achievement. No doubt they will go as far as they can, or as far as they dare; but the forces behind the measure will be too strong for them. For the time being anyway, the currents of the world have set toward peace and the best they will get will be to drown themselves.

WHOLLY favorable to the same trend is the result of the British elections. It is quite absurd to use the word Socialist in that connection. The British Labor Party, as at present constituted, like the Social-Democrats of Germany, represents a movement hardly more radical than the Roosevelt Progressives of twenty-odd years ago; anathema and nightmare to the "pink-faced lords," to be sure, but equally so to the real radicals; carrying no substantial threat against any essential of the existing system. It is highly significant that Ramsay MacDonald has selected for his cabinet without exception men (and one woman) of the moderate type.

But even more important is the fact that for the next two years or so the government of Great Britain will be in the hands of persons representing the class which has all to gain by peace. Professional soldiers and naval officers will be relegated to the back seats where they belong. Even material disarmament will have a better prospect; but that more vital thing, moral disarmament, will have a chance to embody itself.

NO LESS than magnificent, from this point of view, is the project immediately emerging of a visit by MacDonald himself to the United States, to confer with President Hoover. The peace of the world is largely in the custody of the United States and Great Britain. After all is said, the fact remains that no war of important dimensions could continue for a month without the consent of one or both. To have these countries seeing eye to eye, with motive to sustain world peace, is to guarantee that peace. Those who would embitter relations between these two people are traitors to the race.

"If he goes," said The London Times of MacDonald's projected visit to Washington, "he may not return with a new world in his pocket," but "whatever is achieved should be permanent, enduring, and able to bear the weight of the next course of building. . . . The new prime minister has a nation willing in this matter to support him without respect of party."

"The two men primarily responsible"—The Times in the same article called Hoover and MacDonald—"for success or failure would come to know each other's mind thoroughly, to learn at first hand what aspirations or what anxieties are to be reckoned with in the public opinion of either country, and to determine broadly what enlargement of policy will satisfy and harmonize both."

Look back in history as far as you may for a year like this, in which "talking it over," sanely discussing face to face, has peacefully composed just such conflicting interests and misunderstandings which have bloodied the world since its beginning. Find something to match the outcome of the Paris conference and the projected meeting of two plain, common-sense men, given at once such power and such opportunity as rest in the hands of the custodian of British government and the president of the United States, both bent upon finding the ways to preserve the peace of the world and to set it forward.

MEANWHILE, the Council of the League of Nations, in session at Madrid, has devoted a large share of its attention to the subject of "minorities." That is, to the most dangerous of the post-war problems. In the readjustment of national boundaries by the Versailles and other treaties, large masses of population were cut off geographically from their original political allegiance. German-speaking Austrians, for example, in the now Italian Tyrol; other Germans in the now French Alsace; Slovaks in Czechoslovakia, and so on. These detached elements represent a potent source of trouble, both within the countries to which they were assigned and from those to which they formerly belonged. All the possibilities of irredentism and of internal rebellion slumber (*Continued on page* 512)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Book of the Year

AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY, *edited by Mark Van Doren. A. & C. Boni. 1318 pp. Price $5 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD, *by A. S. Eddington. Macmillan. 361 pp. Price $3.75 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

TO THE PURE . . ., *by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle. Viking Press. 336 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

I DO not apologize for reviewing these books six months late. News of good books is never late: and if a book cannot survive six months then it is no book but a bit of journalism in binding. Lots of people do not realize how many books actually are journalism these days. We preserve a naive reverence for binding as against wood-pulp sheets; it lends to many transitory writings a false prestige and air of permanence. You must review these ephemeridae (and many are useful or entertaining) right off the press else there's no point in reviewing them at all. But I think we should have a special vault for books that have aged a year, like our vintage ginger ales, and still have authentic claim to notice. Some books stand re-discovering.

Publishers (and authors) want quick reviews and many of them. Thus a book is raised above the hurly-burly, and a vogue may be created. Otherwise, they say, a good book may fall still-born from the press—though I doubt whether any excellent book ever fails to win through to its audience. Editors too want their pages snappy and fresh. Of the readers I am not so sure. I suspect a good many are deafened by a confusion of claims, and, unless they want to be fashionable, would be content to have the chaff separated from the wheat as the gods grind, slowly. But nowadays we must have our books of the month, by the month, and, I fear, for the month.

What of books of the year, or books of the decade? Who can remember a decade? The Education of Henry Adams, Arrowsmith, Travel Diary of a Philosopher, Cross Word Puzzles, R. U. R., Waste Land, Death Comes for the Archbishop, Outline of History, Victoria, Marcel Proust—these stick in my mind. The others . . .

> We can't go back to Methuselah . . . . . .
> Nor Wells, the prophet, each year re-born;
> To Churchill we now wave *aloha.*
> Cometh dusk to the Harlem morn.
> Where on the veldt gabs Trader Horn?
> What dreams doth Moon Calf now hold dear?
> The blond we preferred is old and shorn . . .
> Where are the books of yester-year?

Over the reviewer's desk might be mottoes worked in sampler stitch: *Haste Makes Waste* and *It's Never Too Late to Mend.* Therefore, in the summer solstice when even the printing-press dawdles, I name three books (there are others) mated by their excellence if by no other common bond. Letters & Life missed them, not through ignorance or negligence, but in the rush of the fall and spring publishing seasons . . . as if honestly people read by seasons and not when they need help or distraction or just fall captive to a book. We choose by mood, and all times are good for reading. I like the newspaper after supper, can ponder Keyserling till ten, and finish off with a sleeping-draught of S. S. Van Dine, till cock-crow. Perverse, I chew the cud over serious books in summer and hunger for light ones when the flu takes us. No schedule nor jury of able critics (though not apparently able seamen) can govern free souls.

That lyric above was out of Villon in Mark Van Doren's thirteen hundred pages of beauty, and, as poets say, dear delight. You should rush through this anthology for the panorama and then keep it near to finger again certain jewels at many a dusk or many a late hour when desire for beauty keeps you restless. It will make you a cosmopolite of poetry for it is rich with rare poems from literatures most of us do not frequent, Irish, Russian, Arabic, Persian, Chinese, Scandinavian. I discovered again that almost too piercing Letter from a River-Merchant's Wife by Li T'ai-po, and for the first time the passion of Bilhana's fugue from the Chauraspanchasika in a miraculous translation by E. Powys Mather, called Black Marigolds. That alone makes a book, but you get, too, parts of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, songs from The Arabian Nights, the glories of the Greek Anthology, the pastoral loveliness of Horace, Virgil, Ovid, the forgotten lines of Italian sonneteers, *lieder, saga*—endless treasure.

This is an anthology of the lyric note, poets' poetry, whether because the English have loved this note, or the editor himself. Satire, drama, meditation are not given in proportion: we miss the Matthew Arnold of doubt, the social Tennyson, the rage of Edwin Markham. Not all the organ-stops of poetry are loosed. But perfection in anthologies is illusion; this is nigh perfect for lyrics.

How few have been the themes of the heart for all singers of all nations! Love, the beauty of women, rebellion at age and grief for death, the irony of life, the consolations of nature, and the sovereignty of each man's soul. But with what marvelous variety each age and race decorates these simple themes! How alike and how different are Lucretius and Khayam and Herrick! How aware of fate the Arabs and Thomas Hardy! What master the French over sounds of words! How homely and sweet are the songs of the Chinese and the English! And what believers we have been in the noble free-trade of literature by translation! The book leads into fascinating by-plays of ethnology as well as esthetics. Nuances of psychology become clear, and even the scenery, drinks, and dress. What is the most lyrical age and what people? Where are the songs of the African? Can the English psyche translate these alien songs? Where stands America in this celestial company?

Both humility and reverence are to be learned from this catalog of fragile consolations. How long-suffering and how divinely in love with love and beauty this race has been! Grief has abided with us always and singing comforted grief—in Catullus, in Dante, in Blake. We all belong to this league of nations: these are proofs that this is no negligible tribe on

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a mote of star-dust, but a company of souls, austere, tender, laughing, proud. One finds God in these hymns.

IF the poets have decorated our cave with verses, the scientist has seemed to make the universe cold and empty. His forms and laws are too vast, too full of powers, too glacial for us simple folk. Eddington finds reasons for courage in this study of our present conception of the physical universe. His picture of the world from the undecipherably small to the finite but unbounded space of Einstein is presented without mathematical aid and in English that is clear if the ideas are not, and often slyly gay. He is a humane astro-physicist! I need not pretend I followed all the way through world-time into the sub-ether, but not to understand everything lends spaciousness to the imagination and is the root of faith. I have never been serious about astronomy lest I lose the stars. To me the plane of the ecliptic remains vague, but consoling. The argument is not for one paragraph. Read the book, but here are items:

The physicist does not claim his universe is anything more than a system of pointer-reading, or measurements. These change according to where you are in space and how fast you are moving. Motion shortens the measuring-rod as a verifiable fact of electricity. This is relativity, and not too hard once you get over the dogma of the senses. Moreover, though we can never know ultimate reality (that remaining an attribute of God), this world is not an illusion in one's mind. It is real because constructed from the data we find in the consciousness of all men. This consciousness is the supreme and governing fact. Matter, roughly, is electrons whirling round nuclei in orbits separated by multiples of a magical measure, the quantum. That is bed-rock at present. It is the jump an electron makes when disturbed. This jump is always discontinuous and a fixed unit—no half jumps allowed. But (and here is the nub) the electrons seem to jump without predestination. Of 500, some 400 will always jump one way and 100 another, so our predictions about gross masses are O.K. But science cannot tell which electrons will *choose* what quanta. That makes the universe exciting again, and grants at least a quantum of free-will. So Eddington denies the old closed determinism, and deduces a stern but mystical faith.

This is a giant's sort of book, full of heroes you never heard of who do bitter jousts for strange truths. I gather it is not the last word (even in Eddington's mind), for new theories come in while the lecturer takes a drink. These scientists have all the fun today. Some of their fun is in this fine-spun volume, and you may share . . . if you can think in paradoxes without any possible picture images to help. But I guess this is the way we'll have to think tomorrow so it's time to stretch our minds. At all events so long as they grant the sovereignty of consciousness, free-will, some larger consciousness, and the right to be mystic, we need not worry.

LIKE CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND

Cover design by Rockwell Kent for The Bridge of San Luis Rey, published by Charles Boni under his new plan for issuing good books in firm paper covers by subscription. Twelve books will be published during the year for five dollars

TO sing or to speculate one needs freedom. So it is not quite mad to note here this study of freedom. To The Pure . . . is the most complete and sane discussion of the intricacies of censorship of sex literature we have had, rich in content, admirable in tone. The historical background is solid with a notable study of the genetics of the index of censorships from church to state to morals as society has been increasingly secularized. The legal aspects are soundly presented by a lawyer untrammelled by legal fetichism. The difficulty of framing statutes as well as the inefficiency of using judge and jury are stated fairly. The book is judicious but withal gay and humane, pleasantly free from the anti-Puritan complex that mars much advocacy of freedom. It assays the phenomena as social and legal facts and can discuss the errors and anachronisms of practice without a promiscuous lambasting of the censors as if they were a pet grouch of the bourgeoisie against Greenwich Village.

Indeed, the problem and the folly of censors have been pretty well threshed out. We need books on freedom that make some step, however small, toward the question: What shall we do? This study does, and passes beyond satire on Comstockery to a consideration of the need of clarification and consistency in our thought and laws. The distinction between what is called "pure obscenity," or the induction of sexual excitement through exhibitions of excessive sexualism, and "thematic obscenity," the reflection on current morality, is extremely serviceable. The latter is used for political purposes not related to any popular sense of shame. Some uniformity in federal rulings (postal and customs) and state should be sought. We must scrutinize caste lines in obscenity that enable the rich to get their pornography in editions de luxe and the learned to peruse things forbidden the populace because they understand only vulgar language. Allowances must be made for changing standards and taste as liberal judges now admit.

The authors reject the literary critic as expert witness because he is unstable *per se* and because the rules of evidence will nullify his usefulness. They point out how little science or social science has done to discover what books can do to sex life. Biology declares that sex feeling starts within the organism and does not depend on even far more specific stimuli than any book offers. The psychoanalysts have pointed out the dangers of censorship but meantime emphasized the importance of sex, so we more than ever need criteria of what is healthful. The single important study (by the Bureau of Social Hygiene in New York) revealed that only 10 per cent of women questioned gave books as a prime force in sex experience; nobody agreed on what the exciting books were, and while some of them were required by schools, none had been banned by the censors!

The authors consider possible legislation for the protection of youth, but decide they cannot frame a statute that will not be useless or even

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dangerous to adult education. "We have faith that education through school and home will prove the enduring solution." That to me dodges the fact that parents find they cannot give children ideas of the beauty and dignity of sex without the risk of having them debased and vulgarized by surreptitious pornography over which they have no control. No parent can endue his child with a perfect armor against shock or misconception. Indeed, tolerance and sane views of sex among adults that will ultimately exile the censor may depend on helping parents keep sex education in their own hands and free from indefensible commercial exploitations.

The censorships are after all a folkway. This institution (or folly), so persistent and widespread and generally supported, may have back of it a kind of animal wisdom not easily overset by even the most delightful *reductio ad absurdum*. There is an instinct to regard sex as important, holy, and not to be turned over to public entertainment or private gain. Censorships may be necessary to keep us stimulated: we know the banned book sells well. Or they may be factors for retardation to prevent mere faddism in sex. The bans and battles may be part of society's digestive apparatus: freedom might overload certain groups. I am vague. Freedom within society is complex beyond all average conception. I have a suspicion that logic cannot always handle the race urge. The moral may be not how wonderful are censors, but how wonderful is sex!

I hope you will accept this apology for leisure.

LEON WHIPPLE

Billion Wild Horses

MEN AND MACHINES, *by Stuart Chase. Macmillan. 354 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE machine—devil or angel? Stuart Chase wants to know. He is not content with the guesses of the pessimists who cry machines are enslaving man or of the hopeful who find them the slaves of man. So he has made a conduct report on little Max Machina with good and bad marks carefully assigned and strikes a balance sheet in a last chapter that is as stimulating a group of words as we have recently seen. "I incline to the belief that machinery has so far brought more misery than happiness into the world . . . but fresh winds of change, vitality and invigoration. . . In another generation the net balance may fall on the other side." The trouble generally is not with the machines, but the way we use them. The great dangers are not of human mechanization but in the threat of machine warfare, in the exhaustion of natural resources, and in what he calls "technological tenuousness." This means that the machine system is so complex and subdivided that men lose the various aptitudes needed to master nature unaided, while the ability to run the system centers in a few key technicians. If they or natural cataclysm bogged the machines down, we would face ruin.

The commoner charges—speed, robot-making, standardization, unemployment, industrial accidents, urban congestion, excess distribution costs, floods of cheap or adulterated goods—he covers in vivid spot-light style. Some evils are inherent in machines—the price we pay for using them. Some are off-set by advantages as accidents may be by the proven longer average life-span. Some may be removed by social intelligence controlling the machine-process. He has a brilliant chapter on how social control might work (it would deny oil to bad machines) but doubts that profit-making democracy will worry about functional direction until we come a pretty bad smash. Yet on the whole Mr. Chase is hopeful. He is fair to the machines. They are not devils, but men are—inert and short-sighted. To discover how to use the machine wisely is a principal challenge to this generation.

The items in the thesis are not new: it is the synthesis that makes this a profoundly important book. It is our first complete picture of the genesis and consequences of the Power Age, based on coal, steam, iron, petroleum, and electricity. It is a sketch in broad generalizations (as Mr. Chase declares) but it charts the field. We start with the anatomy and nature of a machine, then trace the engine from the remarkable Egyptians, through Hero, the Alexandrian, with his heat-machines and Leonardo, greatest of engineers, to James Watt and his steam-engine. England started the Industrial Revolution with her natural resources, world markets, and *laissez-faire*, and at the end of fifty years the count was all against the machine. It spawned populations and debased them. We have been fighting this evil ever since. But the idea spread through all Western civilization to a climax in the present United States where one man does thirty times the work of one Chinese. The world bred a billion wild horses. We invented mass production—standard parts assembled on the belt. That means monotonous repetition geared to the cycle. But automatic machines are taking over these jobs (and disclosing the puzzle of technological unemployment thereby) so that automobile frames are made without human hands. The end is James Televox who throws switches at a whistle. The robot is steel, not flesh and blood.

What has this machine world done to us? Mr. Chase figures he personally is in contact with machines two hours a day, and lots of us less. He believes only about five million persons are actually used by the machine process. Some get a sense of power that expands the ego (*vide* locomotive engineers), some enjoy monotony in day-dreaming without responsibility; some make up with sports, and so on. This jazz compensation has its evils. The most intelligent may have their nerves wrecked, though the figures for neuroses are not convincing. Fatigue studies show the profits in variety of work.

As to changed habits the author is impressionistic. Psychology has not learned to solve equations wherein steel and kilo-watts =x intangibles. We *are* conditioned: consider the clock! The analyses of how machines affect eating, sleeping, mating, and church-going are full of delightful fooling. The main impact has been on work habits and play habits. Mr. Chase is always a humanist and thinks of leisure in terms of dignity. Hence his sound, angry chapter on machine-made play. Hence also his ironic question: why have the billion horses not given us more leisure, better things, more of them, lovelier environment, and richer lives? I must let you discover the answer yourself. One part is that the machines made so much we had to create a very costly technique of distribution to get rid of the stuff. We save on production to waste on distribution!

These pages are rich, popular, picturesque. You need fear no technical hazards. They are dynamic with speculation. Stuart Chase has a concrete mind plus imagination and humor. He is the kind of poet-explorer we need in an age lost in its own filing-system. He has enough facts but is not clotted with them. He will take a gamble on generalization and drag himself in as proof. I presume he makes a healthy per cent of errors but also *he makes you think*. His high irony blooms in mad asides. But in his heart is compassion and a dream of the good life. He is, to my guess, the most important American interpreter of present material phenomena and their social reactions. This book and Middletown are this year's principal contribution to the queer task of knowing ourselves.

LEON WHIPPLE

Pioneer Blood

IN THOSE DAYS, *by Harvey Fergusson. Knopf. 267 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE pioneer blood in Harvey Fergusson turns to ink in words that are vital and alive. Life, as he describes it in his novels, poured forth as abundantly in Santa Fé as it did in Castile where according to a phrase current there they "make men and waste them." Likewise it happens between these covers that men share the violence of battle, murder and sudden death, impelled by a swagger in the blood luring them West in the days of pioneer wagon trains lurching their way across the dust-bitten, Indian-ridden plains.

Those were the days when a water tank and a graveyard marked a town, and a good Indian danced at his own funeral. Those were the days when Robert Jayson went rolling West in a wagon and found the law was pretty much what you made it. We follow him from the time he caught the roving fever that sent him chasing across a continent, to the end of his span, alone with his memories of old times, shut into the dim circle of the years.

His own career becomes an epitome of a vanished past, that

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began with the advent of the wagons into an unconquered country, took him through the thick of the dust and blood of Indian battles, made him part of that era when rails were steel dreams come true. We leave him solitary, ready to die since he had never feared to live, tired now that all the thrill had gone out of life, what with gas and cars and steam, what with new ways to take the place of red fires, wild hoofs, and guns.

Harvey Fergusson pares away unessentials until he gets to the core of action. His people are of the quick not the dead, and we learn afresh that those who can, do, and that the race is to the strong. If it be the thing to compare a novel to that with which the author compares it—to life itself—then he has caught its pulse in his hand. There is a beat to it like the rythm of any full spirit leaping free. Unlike tamer chroniclers Harvey Fergusson never seeks "to make ladies of the Fates," for when he greets them, or when he leaves them, it is always with a flourish, in the good old Western way!

HALLE SCHAFFNER

Chicago Keeps On

CHICAGO—A MORE INTIMATE VIEW OF URBAN POLITICS, *by Charles Edward Merriam. Macmillan. 305 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE author calls his volume: "A study of the situation as it is, not a book of remedies." Only one identified with the situation in the past two decades as he has been could write so intimately of what it now is. As a foremost citizen for twenty-eight years and an alderman for six of them, he tells of the scenes that he has seen, not only as an eye witness but as a participant in many of them; he sketches the characteristics of the actors in the drama, who have played their parts, for better or worse, while he was taking his own part in it. To apply the situation in Chicago as a more intimate study of urban politics in the United States required the wide information and sound judgment acquired by the professor of political science in the University of Chicago through all these years.

Realistically intimate as this recital of facts is, it is overarched by the idealism of civic patriotism. Writing from fields of action, this war correspondent in the combat ranks, rises above present scenes of conflict and confusion to catch glimpses of the greater city that is coming to be—glimpses that glow with prophetic hope and assurance. But neither in accounting for bad conditions now nor in evaluating efforts for better ones is Professor Merriam ever more or less than human. Throughout, his is a human-interest story, whether dealing with the lords of the underworld and those who make possible and share their ill-gotten gains, or whether appraising the leaders in the upper realm of civic righteousness and social justice.

Opportunities for waste and plunder, inevitably opened by Chicago's haste to organize as fast as its population grew, are shown to appeal to somewhat the same motive as moved others to establish themselves in business and get rich quickly. Incentives to acquire and exert influence for the common welfare are at least akin to the ambition for party or personal leadership which seeks political power. But in between these low and high levels upon which these motives act, appears the life of our community, a cross-section of which the vice and crime and graft are seen to be. Cross-currents, racial, religious, and customary also powerfully are shown to direct attention from the common good and subordinate it often with ruthless disregard for consequences to the community. Points are cited which attract or repel such differently-motived persons as Julius Rosenwald and Samuel Insull, Jane Addams and Clarence Darrow, showing where their lives converge and clash!

Barring the lack of an index, Professor Merriam's study will inspire and guide others to seek findings of their own, while those recorded by him are available for effective use by citizens in any urban community.

With the vividness of a moving picture and the abrupt changes of the radio we see and hear the marvellously contrasting actors as they cross the stage realistically reproduced in these pages. True to life are the snapshots of them, singly and together, in collusion or in conflict, moving in double-quick order or disorder, as factions fighting to rise or fall, as bosses bullying or bowing, as police flivver crews cruising victoriously or gangs of gunmen getting away from the victims of their terrorizing bombs or their machine-gun executions, as the law wins or is worsted, as "Big Bill" rises and falls.

More connectedly are told the devious ways by which the political situation is "fixed" so that the fixers, in and out of office, can get away with their loot without interference by police, juries and judges, and immune from the penalties of the law. This is called the "Big Fix," which describes not only the security of the grafted possessions, but quite as truly the fix in which the dispossessed community is left.

Yet all the while the community is shown to be rising against and above its spoilsmen, the city to be better than its administration, civic enterprises of its citizens to be progressing more permanently than official corruption can establish itself. All which begets triumphant hope in the Chicago spirit:

> The spirit which faced and conquered ruin on a waste of smoking ashes and did not flinch; which raised a model city by the lake and invited the world to see and appraise; which struggled for its political life with utility interests in the nineties and with the greed of the gangsters in our own day. The spirit of this new Chicago which is transforming a city of brick into a city of marble, shaping lakes and parks, streets, ways and playgrounds into a useful and beautiful whole; where science, social science, the humanities, education, art and music are building their temples and weaving their shapes of beauty and power in many forms, unheralded and unseen even—these are not minor trails of social progress, but major upward ways.

GRAHAM TAYLOR

Chicago Commons

Arts and People

AN OUTLINE OF AESTHETICS, *edited by Philip N. Youtz*: THE WORLD, THE ARTS AND THE ARTIST, *by Irwin Edman.* 101 *pages.* THE JUDGMENT OF LITERATURE, *by Henry Wells.* 95 *pages.* THE MIRROR OF THE PASSING WORLD, *by M. Cecil Allen.* 102 *pages.* WITH EYES OF THE PAST, *by Henry Ladd.* 100 *pages.* SCIENTIFIC METHOD IN AETHETICS, *by Thomas Munro.* 101 *pages. W. W. Norton & Co. Price* $5.00 *a set postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THAT the People's Institute in New York takes seriously the development of aesthetic appreciation is a welcome sign of a new trend in American cultural education. That Mr. Youtz, its director of educational research, has been able to team up so competent a crew to display modern aesthetics also is significant. For, these writers, by the very diversity of their interests, reinforce what they have in common: the experimental approach to art and art critcism. Each one of them has something unique to contribute toward the removal of those arbitrary principles by which hitherto teachers have sought to mold the taste of their contemporaries. And each one of them helps constructively to lay the foundation for a more realistic and pragmatic popular attitude toward artistic creation and enjoyment.

It is difficult to pick out the more important teachings; but perhaps Professor Munro goes furthest in submitting the modern educational concern for the arbitrarily limited "scientific" one of the academies. Mr. Edman, on the other hand, here outreaches his colleagues in the success with which he systematizes present knowledge concerning the function of art. Moreover, his little book is particularly rich in sound definitions and telling re-statements. Mr. Allen's book is the easiest to read of this series, though none of them are technical or abstruse: he surveys, with many allusions to works and schools familiar to the layman, the gradual accumulation of artistic precedents, true and false, and shows exactly at what points and in what circumstances creativeness gave way to less worthy motivations. Mr. Wells carries the analysis of critical standards into the field of literature and postulates the admissibility of materials and rhythms that are close at hand, in a way that will immensely appeal to our younger writers in and out of school. Mr. Ladd further unravels the complex of attitudes, interests and traditions that has gone into art criticism as we have inherited it from bygone generations, and incidentally disposes of many misconceptions still all too current in our day. Mr. Youtz has added to these volumes short introductory statements that are, often, exceedingly happy in their phrasing, and bind together the individual essays into what must be regarded (*Continued on page* 504)

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Through Germany in a Day

IF you are to be in Germany this summer don't miss the Eighth Annual Exhibition at Dresden (May 15—September 29). A letter and circular from Dr. Gertrud Ferber make us more sorry than ever that we must stay put; but also more eager than ever that the lucky travelers should avail themselves of this very pleasant means of becoming acquainted with the past and present Germany. The exhibition is simply arranged under three major headings:

The German Homeland—"an enchanted garden for every visitor." This section affords not only an impression of mountain and valley, town and country, history and culture, but an introduction to the different places in Germany, such as Silesia, Saxony, Brandenburg, Ostmark, Pomerania, Danzig, East and West Prussia, Mecklenburg, Hamburg, Lubeck, Schleswig-Holstein, Bremen and the Lower Weser, North and South Bavaria, the Palatinate, Baden, Wurtemberg, Hesse, Thuringia, Central Germany, Westphalia, the Weser Hills and the Rhineland—truly a pass key to the country, to use now or on later visits.

Travel—with actual service. Here, in addition to a practical demonstration of the development of transportation and communication in Germany from their beginnings to the present time, you will be able to get advice as to routes, rates, and all the other bothersome details which are so well worth knowing.

Touring—the important part it plays in stretching our horizons; a fact which Pestalozzi recognized, and which is here illustrated in its various relations: botanical, zoological, mineralogical, artistic and social. It also takes up the history of touring, some of its early personalities and their voyages, and organizations now functioning in this field.

We have Dr. Ferber's assurance that the exhibition is not only instructive but "very beautiful"—what with its human displays of the clothes, characteristics and customs of a number of the above mentioned states—and we can of course lean on her judgment. It would seem to us that this is the sort of thing other countries might well imitate.

Biro-Bidjan

PUBLIC dinners have a reputation none too savory. But occasionally there is one that exhilarates, hot weather, a long list of speakers and the like notwithstanding. Such was the farewell dinner to the group of technical experts who are being sent to Russia by the "Icor" to make an investigation of Biro-Bidjan.

Biro-Bidjan is a spread of virgin land in Far Eastern Russia, larger than Belgium, which the Soviet has turned over to its Jewish population for farming. Not an agricultural people, they have nevertheless welcomed this opportunity. For immediately it offers work and a means of livelihood to those without occupation; and holds out for the first time in thousands of years the promise of an autonomous homeland for one million and a half Jews—the number the colony can accommodate.

It is to say the least a stirring adventure, and if successful, will be epoch-making. But like all pioneering, it is fraught with hardships, discouragements and difficulties, accentuated in this instance by the newness of farming and farm life to these

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particular people, no less than to the soil, which has never been tilled before. The "Icor," an organization of American Jews who are deeply interested in the success of this project and keenly alive to the enormousness of the task, are cooperating not only in terms of good will, but with American tractors, trucks, excavators, automobiles and such tools and machinery as are required in modern farming.

But they are not satisfied to stop there. Because of its large technical membership, the "Icor" recognizes the importance of scientific counsel in rendering constructive service, and so has mustered such ranking American experts as President Franklin S. Harris and Professor Kiefer B. Sauls of Brigham Young University, J. B. Davidson, dean of the Department of Agriculture Engineering of Iowa State College, and Benjamin Brown, marketing director of the Utah State Distributive Cooperative. Interestingly enough, three of the four men are non-Jews. They sailed on June 21 to be gone for four months, when they will present their findings and recommendations to the "Icor."

By Way of Suggestion

IF you are not the lolling sort, and are at a loss how to spend your vacation, and are female, you may be interested in the New York League of Girls Clubs Summer School (July 21 to September 3), on the north shore of Long Island. The rates are nominal, the list of subjects and staff members interesting:

SOCIAL HISTORY—Gustav Peck, of the staff of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences
—Edna M. Lonigan, New York State Bureau of Labor Statistics
LITERATURE—Alfred Kreymborg, poet and playwright
SCIENCE—David Drabkin, M.D., of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School
ART—A. S. Baylinson, secretary, the Society of Independent Artists
MUSIC APPRECIATION—Doris Maddow
RHYTHMIC DANCING—(instructor to be announced later)
METHODS OF STUDY—Rose Fitzgerald, instructor, Hunter College, New York
Director of the School—Doris Maddow, Education secretary, New York League of Girls Clubs, 222 Madison Avenue.

Or there is a particularly good chance to go up to Alaska. The U. S. Department of the Interior has arranged a personally conducted trip for government employes chiefly, but the general public is also invited, leaving from Washington August 25 and returning September 26, at a cost of from $498 to $549, depending upon accommodations. To quote from the announcement:

En route to the Pacific Coast a number of stops will be made in specially attractive regions. The steamship trip up the coast by the inside passage through the numberless islands is one of the most beautiful in the world. The Alaskan coast presents its magnificent mountain crests and barriers of glacial ice. The railroad trip from Anchorage to Fairbanks, in the far interior, is through the hardly touched wilds of the North at the height of its summer glory.

Then there is the summer conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation at Epworth Inn, Silver Lake, New York. A number of well known people are slated to stimulate the discussion of the program:

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THE JUDICIAL BARRICADES

(*Continued from page* 481)

the principal farm organizations; so that when death removed the militant Clifford Thorne from the valuation proceedings no one was sent to speak for the overburdened shippers and farmers whom he had long represented.

And during these years the closely organized, prosperous public utilities, knowing that the amount of their profits depended largely on political control, had been steadily weeding out of state and local governments the "radicals" and "demagogues" and "progressives" who opposed them. The political corruption which I had watched at close hand in Illinois had been operating efficiently throughout the country in the reign of normalcy. Experiences related to me by friends and allies in Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Wisconsin, Nebraska, California, Washington—indeed everywhere—evidenced the same relentless campaign to drive out of public office any man who did not accept the doctrine that those who pay for political campaigns have made investments in public officials, which must pay good dividends. This doctrine provides the solid, "business-like" foundation of party government which insures minority control and preserves us from the dangers of government by majority rule.

The second potent reason for the absence of public support of the Interstate Commerce Commission came from the increasing interference of the courts with exercise of judgment by other public officers. Much higher judicial barricades to political progress had been constructed since the World War began. It is a curious fact that judicial obstructionists are usually the last and the least criticized of public officials. Yet from the founding of the republic, every man who has led the procession of American life has found it necessary to smash his way through judicial barriers reared to preserve the powers that be against the powers that must be. This applies to all forms of leadership, including scientists and business men. But the obstacles to political advance can be most easily reviewed.

IN the light of this history, it is not surprising that the Progressives of my generation have been accused of "assaults upon the judiciary." It would be difficult to conceive of a real advance toward "social justice" in the United States that has not left or would not leave a vast wreckage of judge-made law in its pathway. The political revolutions of Jefferson and Jackson, the Civil War of Lincoln, the recent progressive struggles to amend the constitution, all testify to the terrible price we must pay to achieve self-government against the opposition of well-provisioned minorities entrenched behind judicial barricades.

Yet something of this price must be paid for domestic peace and prosperity. We are told that the men and institutions that conserve power and wealth are bulwarks against anarchy and reckless social experiment. Of course, poor men are not all anarchists or reckless experimenters. They are more likely to be timid folk. But they are inclined to want a change; and not every change is good. Not every rebellion is a birth-pang of evolution.

In a copy of his American Ideals, which Roosevelt once sent me, he scribbled some lines suggesting that certain of the twenty-year-old essays "make pretty good doctrine in essence now." To carry on some of this good doctrine to another generation, I would like to refer to that chapter on The Law of Civilization and Decay, where Roosevelt expresses agreement with Brooks Adams that "the progress of civilization and centralization has depended largely upon the growing masterv of the attack over the defence." Anyone can see that the conservative fortifications must be carried by assault whenever it is time to establish a new leadership in the tents of the mighty. It should be equally obvious that judicial barriers cannot be left standing across the road that leads up, however much we may respect their former usefulness, or the courage or loyalty of the old guard that will not surrender them. And so, as these fortresses have been rising higher and higher, progressives have had cause to fear that the powers of defense might be growing too great for the powers of attack and that behind such Chinese walls a ruling class no longer worthy might unhappily survive.

It was the growing strength of this judicial defence that really defeated the progressive attack of my generation and stirred its leaders in 1912 to talk about the recall of judges and the "recall of decisions." "Twin devils of anarchy"! shouted the opposition. We were solemnly told that the reversal of a judge-made rule of public policy by the people would be "an appeal from the umpire to the bleachers"—as though government were a game in which the people were only spectators!

In 1924 the Progressive candidates urged that a legislature should have the power to reenact a law which had been nullified by a court merely because it conflicted with the political, social or economic theories of the judges. Thereupon the candidates of the "party of Lincoln" denounced La-Follette and Wheeler, exactly as Stephen A. Douglas had denounced Abraham Lincoln sixty-five years before, for "assailing the judiciary" and "undermining the constitution." Worshippers of Chief Justice Marshall shouted their horror at such "attacks upon the courts," in 1912 and 1924. Yet more than one hundred years before, when his colleague, Justice Chase, had been impeached, this same John Marshall, wrote Chase in these words:

> I think the modern doctrine of impeachment should yield to an appellate jurisdiction in the legislature. A reversal of those legal opinions deemed unsound by the legislature would certainly better comport with the mildness of our character than a removal of the judge who has rendered them unknowing of his fault.

THUS over a century before Roosevelt and LaFollette made their "radical" attacks on the barb-wire protected bench, "the supreme conservative," the ablest expounder and defender of our constitution, the great Chief Justice Marshall himself, had proposed the "recall of decisions"—as a "milder" method of correcting judicial error than the removal of the judge!

It is the height of fashion for conservative patriots to attack members of Congress and force them out of office because they make bad laws. But anyone who seeks to criticize or to remove a judge who makes bad laws will be called a "dangerous radical" and may even be excluded from cocktail parties in our "best homes."

The portentous warnings of eminent counsel often reveal their reverential attitude with amusing clearness. During the arguments of the O'Fallon case before the Interstate Commerce Commission, I had suggested to the commission that it had an independent function of government to perform; that it might properly seek light upon legal duties and legal rights in the decisions of the courts; but that it should not "listen with reverent ears to every casual opinion" of a judge upon "questions of public policy," which the courts themselves agree should be decided by legislators and not by judges. Whereupon Judge Brantley, one of the chief counsel for the railroads, announced that his only reply to my argument would be to tell a story of the old doorkeeper in the Capitol, who was trying to keep a visitor out of the crowded Supreme Court room, and who said: "You better remember this. If you gets in contempt of this court you ain't got nowhere to appeal to except to God!"

In comment upon these humorous remarks, I would observe that respect for superior intelligence or authority may indicate a sound sense of social discipline; but that prostration before human beings or their opinions indicates only a lack of full self-respect. If in truth the only appeal from the Supreme Court is to God, it might be wise to provide for an intermediary appeal to the American people! Instead of taking an appeal to the "God of Hosts" in 1861, it might have been less ruinous to have appealed even from the Supreme Court to the bleachers! The judge who himself has the courage to dissent should expect no less courage in those against whom he rules. Those who cry shrilly with Chief Justice Marshall that "an attack on the judiciary is in fact an attack upon the Union," betray a fear of criticism which is likely to destroy both the freedom of a people and the wisdom of their rulers.

It may be revealing a dangerous secret but, in confidence that very few will perceive its significance, I will venture to reveal the fact that no progressive party in the United States will ever progress appreciably until its rank and file have been

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educated to understand that the principal and supreme law-makers in this nation are the judges. All "inside" students of government and "practical politicians" of the first rank know this. But among one hundred and fifteen million people, the bulk of those who think at all on the subject believe that they elect senators and representatives to "make" their laws and that the judges only "interpret" and "enforce" the laws that other people make. No other popular conception is equally untrue except the belief in Zion City, Illinois, that the world is flat.

When a gangster in Chicago, or a politician in Washington, or a corporation president in New York, wants to know the "law," he is only mildly interested in what may be written in the statutes. His vivid interest is in knowing what some judge will do. He wants his lawyer to tell him that, because—in the authoritative words of Mr. Justice Holmes—"The prophecies of what the courts will do in fact, and nothing more pretentious, are what I mean by the law."

As a young man I listened with deep respect to the teaching of the eminent John Chipman Gray of Harvard. But it was years later before I got understanding of his wisdom and appreciated the scientific accuracy of his definition of "the law":

> The true view, as I submit, is that the law is what the judges declare; that statutes, precedents, the opinions of learned experts, customs, and morality are the sources of the law; that back of everything lie the opinions of the ruling spirits of the community; who have the power to close any of these sources; but that as long as they do not interfere, the judges, in establishing law, have recourse to these sources.

There, written in scholarly language, is the dangerous secret which is well known to legal scientists but seldom revealed by lawyers or politicians—principally because they don't know it: *"The law is what the judges declare. Back of everything lie the opinions of the ruling spirits of the community."* For twenty-five years we progressives babbled about "invisible government" and occasionally bleated about "judicial usurpation." Meanwhile our law was being visibly prepared in the noisy, cock-sure opinions of our "ruling spirits." These opinions were then being made into law, not by "judicial usurpation," but by judges doing exactly what they were elected or appointed to do.

THE dominating political issues of the future are most likely to arise between the wage-earners, the users of the wealth of America, and the owners, the managers of vast properties. The "ruling spirits" that make the law, the organizers and controllers of property rights, whose protection is the chief function of the courts, may learn to seek scientific guidance in shaping public policy, so that general instead of special interests may be advanced. Thus they may "secure the blessings of liberty" for more people and "promote the general welfare." In this way they may actually "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

On the other hand, our "ruling spirits" may continue to seek in very human fashion to increase their mastery over those who are "just folks"—increasing the current deluge of propaganda about "service," as a frothy substitute for a greater output of solid "service." They may continue to provide more circuses and increase the price of bread. In this event there must come a time when the organizers of those who use things and the organizers of those who own things will clash in a desperate struggle to rule the minds of a people who have known and loved liberty. In that day many worried "intellectuals" may find themselves repeating the lines of the perplexed Oscar Wilde in his Sonnet to Liberty:

> Not that I love thy children, whose dull eyes
> See nothing save their own unlovely woe,
> Whose minds know nothing, nothing care to know.—
> But that the roar of thy Democracies,
> Thy reigns of Terror, thy great Anarchies,
> Mirror my wildest passions like the sea
> And give my rage a brother — —! Liberty!
> For this sake only do thy dissonant cries
> Delight my discreet soul, else might all kings
> By bloody knout or treacherous cannonades
> Rob nations of their rights inviolate
> And I remain unmoved—and yet, and yet,
> These Christs that die upon the barricades,
> God knows it I am with them, in some things.

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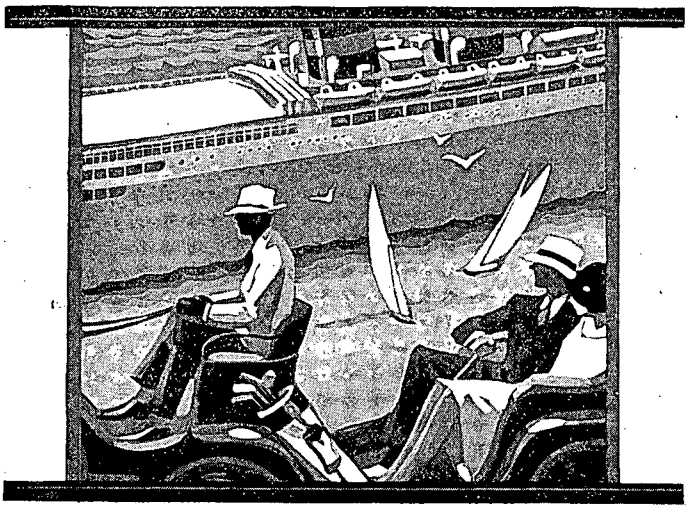

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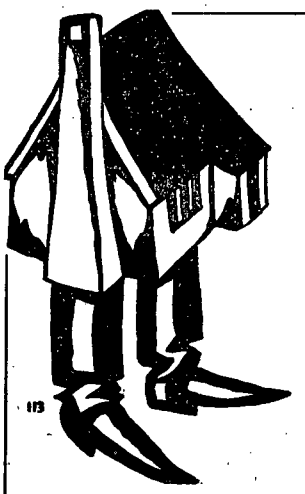

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LETTERS & LIFE
(*Continued from page* 499)

as an important collective contribution to our new literature of adult education.

Some recent personal experiences as a somewhat blind guide of the blind in this field of study, make the reviewer particularly grateful for the pioneer work accomplished by these scholars. If, as many adult educational reports seem to signalize, there is a considerable growth of popular interest in art and in aesthetics generally, these books will fulfill a most useful function.

BRUNO LASKER

Common Sense on the Pacific

ORIENTAL EXCLUSION: *The Effect of American Immigration Laws, Regulations, and judicial decisions upon the Chinese and the Japanese on the American Pacific Coast, by R. D. McKenzie, Ph.D. University of Chicago Press. 200 pages. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

RESIDENT ORIENTALS ON THE AMERICAN PACIFIC COAST: *Their Legal and Economic Status, by Eliot Grinnell Mears. University of Chicago Press. 545 pages. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THESE two studies, one by a professor of Sociology in the University of Washington; the other by a professor of Geography and International Trade at Stanford University, afford just the needed kind of cool, objective information about a subject too long bedevilled by racial prejudice, political ballyhoo and wide-spread mental fog. Dr. Mears's book is indeed an encyclopedia of the question as it affects the Pacific Coast; though Dr. McKenzie's also takes place among the indispensable sources.

The truth is, and both these books are evidence of it, that a new mental attitude has supervened. The influx of Mexican labor into the Far West, with a relatively low standard of living, has pushed the Chinese and Japanese "peril" as it used to be called, into the far background—whither it was going anyway. And the whole business is merging into the world-wide problem of immigration control—a very tangled and baffling problem it is. Nearly all modern governments are wrestling with it.

The outstanding factor, plain in both of these books, is the irritating effect upon both Japanese and Chinese, of the racial contempt displayed in most of our own legislation. The fact that both are under the aegis of the Institute of Pacific Relations attests the good spirit in which the studies have been carried on, and their obvious intent to throw light rather than to engender heat. Both conspire to exorcise the "Yellow Peril" bugaboo, and show the economic and social factors affecting the oriental peoples in the United States. Both are of extraordinary value for anyone who would understand the nature of the present-day problem and the attitudes tending both to embitter and to mollify.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT

Peace in War

QUAKERS IN ACTION, *by Lester M. Jones, Ph.D. Macmillan. 226 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

A SCHOLARLY, short and remarkably full account of Quaker War Relief throughout Europe from the American entry until 1928. The Friends' work would be only slightly more important than similar palliatives had it been no more than war relief, more efficiently done than that of other organizations. Quaker traditions against war resulting from a realization of the spiritual power in constructive social works formed the dynamic which led this small organization into devastated France, "enemy" Germany, Austria, and Bolshevist Russia. In Germany "boys and girls six years old with leg bones that I could bend, soft skulls, shrivelled bodies, queer inelastic skin . . . .;" no soap, milk, eggs; rare children's diseases (war by blockade); eight thousand centers established feeding over a million children a day. Vienna: 60 per cent of children with severe rickets. A three year anti-tuberculosis campaign throughout Austria. In Poland: 3,000,000 refugees; the Quakers endeavored to "secure the attention of the (Polish) government to the gravity of the situation" that spotted typhus had increased 700 per cent in three years. Russia: blockade, lack of rain, famine.

While the rest of humanity hated and tortured, did the Friendly message of practical help and kindliness sink in? In France, a little; in Germany and Austria throughout the nation; in Poland not at all; in Russia in certain localities. The Quakers everywhere commanded the respect of authorities. The Red Cross, though capitulating to the military, turned over large sums to them, while in Russia the Government trusted them at the time it suspected all other relief organizations for camouflaging spies.

There are photographs of the work which are in no way as graphic as the story. They could have been snapped of any insignificant relief work and bespeak the Quaker ignorance of the profound truths attainable through the emotional values of the arts.

D. OWEN STEPHENS

THE SCATTERED SKULLS
(*Continued from page* 494)

Eskimos for the sake of a religious principle. The novel sprang into popularity and sold more than 100,000 copies. He has promised to send me one when he gets to Russia. But unfortunately, or fortunately, I shall not be able to read it for it is written in Russian. Later it was proscribed, placed upon the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Soviet along with the rest of his works. But later the authorities said, "Well, after all Grandpa Bogoras is old and there is no harm in him," so he was restored to favor and the surveillance was discontinued. Besides, he was very useful and became a leader in the new educational circles.

But the thing which touched me most deeply was what he said about religion.

"You see," he pointed out naively, "I cannot be a religionist because I am not intolerant. A strong religion requires three things: a myth—that is a group of stories or traditions—a ceremonial, and intolerance. So you see how it is with me, I am not intolerant."

He told me something of the religious situation in Russia today. "My school," he said, "is housed in an old monastery. In another part of it the monks still carry on. It makes a curious mixture. Recently on a great public holiday there were exhibited by rival parties electric signs which looked a good deal alike. One showed a great Greek X as its symbol to indicate that this was the tenth year of the Communist regime. The other utilized the same symbol as the sign of their Christian faith."

"You are familiar with the cult of Lenin?"

"Oh, yes. There are virtues about it too. The people must have something to worship. Most of the reliquaries of old times were empty or contained nothing but rubbish, but the box at Leningrad really contains the great leader's body."

However much of a materialist he may have been when we discussed religion through the length of the sub-Arctic night he has certainly become a first-class idealist. His interest in the poverty-striken peoples of the north was more than merely ethnological. He lived with them and learned to know them as no other white man has ever done. Appropriations from the Soviet government have finally made it possible for him to carry modern education and hygiene, more successful ways of living and of caring for their herds to these far, scattered tribes. He has even been able to bring several hundred of their most promising young leaders to Leningrad, for contact with modern civilization and for intensive training in service to their own people. The young Russian men and women he sends forth to Arctic hardships as teachers, ethnographers and government agents, Dr. Bogoras calls his "missionaries."

Grandpa Bogoras and I have grown much alike through the years. He has a philosophy based on values, he has fine ideals and a genuine service program. But blind determinism and moralizings about "the bludgeonings of chance" leave the heart of the idealist lonely and unsatisfied. I tried to tell him so once more in the last letter I wrote him. He sent me an affectionate note in which he said good-bye again for another quarter of a century.

P. S. I sent the skulls, securely boxed, to the American Museum of Natural History. Yes, I know I have not said anything about the reindeer with the broken leg, but that is really another story.

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THE CITY GAINS ON THE COUNTRY

(*Continued from page* 472)

family, but today the control of food supplies, through the power of demand by cities, has so far altered the situation that even the family of small means in the city may supply its nutritional needs more reliably throughout the seasons and often at less expense than can the dweller on farm or in rural village. The greater buying power of the city permits a degree of supervision over the sanitary safety of foods quite impossible for scattered rural households. If there is advantage in food supplies today, it probably lies with the city dweller, particularly during the winter season, but certainly unfavorable distinctions are fast breaking down. However, in regard to fluid milk and fresh milk products, the greater hazard of the distant city consumer has demanded a degree of protection which has so far not been equally available in farm and village. A secondary result of the higher and more uniform standards of safety of the milk in cities is the increase of the per capita consumption of it by city residents. The more reliable the city milk supply the more does it enter into the dietaries of the people, and the city dweller is approaching an optimum use of milk, with resultant benefits to his health and economy for his pocketbook.

IN the use of artificial light the dweller in towns submits to conditions to which the human eye is not fully adapted at work and in his pleasures, which the rural resident does not have to suffer. We have no information at present beyond the general impression that the artificial conditions of lighting which prevail indoors, in transit, in factory and office, in kitchen, nursery and school, in church, theater and club constitute a physiological handicap to the function of vision, even if no other harmful effect can be determined.

On the other hand, cities are favored beyond their country neighbors in freedom from disease-bearing insects, such as the fly and mosquito. The urban malaria death-rate in 1920 in the United States was 0.9 per 100,000 population and the rural was 5.9.

Certainly with the communicable diseases, and especially those transmitted by discharges through the nose and throat, a chief determining factor is the frequence and intimacy of personal contact, especially if this is uncontrollable, as in the stores, conveyances, public streets, eating places, and industries of many cities. From the experience of this country it would appear that the acute communicable diseases of childhood are acquired earlier in life in cities, that they cause a higher death-rate for this very reason among children and that adult city populations are more generally immune to measles, mumps, diphtheria and scarlet fever than are country people of the same ages. In other words, there are some compensations in the form of immunity for the higher urban death-rates from these diseases. In spite of our inadequate reporting of the venereal diseases and the uncertainty as to certification of deaths from these causes, all the experience with both white and colored populations in this country tends to show their much wider prevalence and higher mortality in cities than in rural regions. Some of the difference may be due to the greater proportion of persons of the earlier decades of life in the cities.

All differences in the mortality and morbidity of city and rural populations cannot be explained on the bases of risks of infection, nor yet by differences in the factors of physical environment. The marked and consistently higher death-rates from diabetes and appendicitis in cities are in all probability related to the manner of life, with too much food and the decreasing necessity for bodily exertion in the ordinary conduct of life as the major causes. While there is an obvious tendency towards a similarity in the physical equipment of life and labor of the country and city households, there remains the fundamental difference between the closed places of work and the nature of work, under unfavorable atmospheric conditions in cities, and the outdoor occupations of the rural family which more nearly approach a favorable biological opportunity for both survival and development.

There is no mass of information upon the relative frequency of mental and nervous diseases among city and rural populations except for conditions

(*Continued on page* 507)

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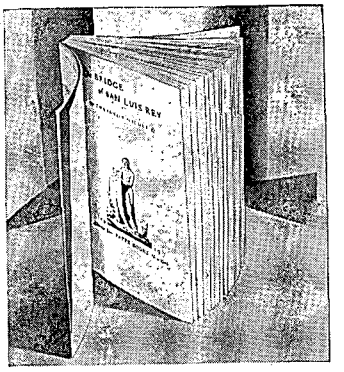

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THE WORLD'S SMALLEST

(*Continued from page* 489)

after the public was excluded. And the courteous owner, with a show in late, hurrying here and there to keep things moving, short-handed, working himself, but still finding a moment how and then to chat about mutual friends and the hills of Westchester County and a circus's trouble when playing near New York. Which reminds me that the WORLD'S SMALLEST never has to get the twenty or thirty odd licenses necessary for a show to play near New York City, and this again brings back—but this is a story of the WORLD'S SMALLEST.

There's a band wagon on the Robbins Brothers Circus that sooner or later will have a counterpart on the Greatest Little Show. The photos are coming soon. That band wagon is famous in the circus world. Perhaps the WORLD'S SMALLEST, in a way, will sometime be a visual history of circuses. Maybe, too, the little show will have an auto-show just like Robbins Brothers—but, well it takes time.

Why, I almost forgot something—did you notice the equestrian director in the big top—that immaculate figure in white riding breeches, black riding boots, dress coat, and tall hat? Well, the WORLD'S SMALLEST shares Fred Bradna with the Big One.

See those workmen snoozing under the wagons?

Here's the horse tents. Fine horses, eh? See the blacksmith shop—anvils, everything, even a special wagon with tent attached.

We might wander over by the cook-house. Food smell good? It *is* good. See the refrigerator wagon, with the milk and butter and everything in it? How would you like to come in and have a meal? Good food, but of course I can't offer you buffalo meat like those "feeds" they give once in a while on 101. And the Miller Brothers are great hosts.

There's the doctor's tent over there. Sure, they carry a doctor. Keep him busy, too. He's a very important executive and that is why certain shows have such an easy time now with the public health officials. The fact is, circus doctors are great cooperators with health officers—it pays. Why, 101 invited local health officers to visit the show and see just what was being done, and the inspection was well worth while.

We might wander over to the train. How do you like the owner's private car, with observation platform and everything? There's the diner or privilege car. Sleepers? Yes. And the flats, of course, some partly loaded and the runs all ready for the rest of the show when the night performance is over.

It's getting late. Do you want to look over the freaks before we go? Yes, those wagon fronts are copies of wagons on the Big One. Other circuses use canvas banners to display the wonders inside—take less room, some say it's more circusy, but the WORLD'S SMALLEST likes the wagons. See the freaks on the ballyhoo platform. There's a band all ready to strike up. They're getting ready to start things going. All right. The band plays a couple of tunes. The orator tells of the wonders inside, or if you happen to be visiting 101, Doc. Oyler will first give you a philosophical address on the American Indian and by devious means entice the quarter from your pocket. At any rate, they've got your quarter. What is the WORLD'S SMALLEST going to show you for the fourth of a dollar? Plenty.

A Negro minstrel show—singers, dancers, and a jazz band. And now ladees and gentulmen we will go from platform to platform seeing Eko and Iko, the Ambassadors from Mars; Clicko, the Bushman, will talk for you his native language.

Over in the menagerie tent, Emir, that most beautiful of all tigers, lifts his voice and it sounds like "All alone, all alone." Which reminds us that it is time to go home. For the patient wife probably has dinner ready and is all alone, till the wanderer around the white tops returns to tell of the newest things in Spangleland.

The Circus Fans? I forgot I was to mention them again. I tell you, come around to Sardi's in New York City any Thursday noon. We're just a group who can't keep our minds off the circus. You'll find some of Commander Byrd's executives, a banker or two, authors, publicity men, a famous litterateur of the tented world, a mariner who specializes in mid-ocean rescues and who bears the honorary title of "Skipper" in the Barnum Top (just at the litterateur is known as "Second Story Man," the banker as "Payoff," a famous comedian who can't imitate four Hawaiians and tells why is "Barker," a publicity man is "Equestrian Director," the present author is "Medical Director," etc.), and usually a circus man or two. There's an ex-joey, now a radio star, who has the only living calliope on the air, who is going to be "producing clown," or something. Just a crowd to talk circus. Joiners not welcome, circus lovers received with open arms. Out in Chicago you'll find them at the College Inn.

Well, that's the story of the WORLD'S SMALLEST. Unique—perhaps. Oh well, if you're interested, it *may* be seen.

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(*Continued from page* 505) serious enough to require care in state hospitals for mental disorders. While to persons of sensitive and intellectual type, living in the great city, the hurly-burly, racket, turmoil and press of persons, combine to cause a sort of spiritual fatigue or social nausea, probably the great mass of people are happier in a crowd. If noise and confusion were causes of disease, boiler-makers, pneumatic drill operators, traffic police and motor truck-drivers should provide us with abundance of clinical material, and the rate of mental and nervous disease would mount rapidly as we enter the homes on metropolitan thoroughfares where underground, surface and elevated traffic vie with each other in one great competitive inferno of noise and smell.

With the exception of those mental diseases which follow alcoholism and syphilitic infection, which are generally more frequent in the city than in the country, there is no evidence in the admissions to state mental disease hospitals that the city offers a worse environment than the country. In fact, quite the reverse conclusion can be drawn from the reports of several of our states. Loneliness, lack of recreation, the drudgery of farm and housework, the monotony of life unrelieved by visitors or visits, all have in the past combined to create disorders of personality, and eccentricities of character which lead to such extremes of conduct as to call for medical protection and guidance among farmers' families.

Apparently we still pay, and pay heavily, in terms of loss of life for our inclination or rather determination to live in increasing numbers in cities, though for at least fifty years we have been reducing the discrepancy between rural and urban death-rates. Whether we shall ourselves be so modified or adapted that we can tolerate or survive, on equal terms with our country cousins, the conditions now inherent in city environment, or whether we shall so alter and command the contacts and physical setting of our urban life that these no longer constitute a handicap, only the future can tell.

At present the city dweller is in the majority. He will command and perhaps in the future he will dominate as fanatically as the farmer often has ruled in the past. Yet after he has learned to bend material things to his wishes with entire safety and to accommodate his body and life to the pressing throngs about him in street and store and factory, probably he still will need to make and keep contact with the elements, a relation which no amount of association with men can replace. He will always require the sweetening influence of the uncontrollable sun and wind and rain which he has been at such pains to ward off in his life of brick and pavement.

A CELEBRATED TRIAL

(*Continued from page* 491)

view, he and Mr. Thompson were not far apart in their respective interpretations of the Katzmann cross-examination of Sacco. Mr. Thompson held that by emphasizing so "bitterly," so "cruelly," that Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists and draft-evaders in war time, Mr. Katzmann aroused patriotic antagonism to them in the minds of the jury, thus blanketing the proof that they had "some good reason for their falsehoods."

4. *Alibis.* The distinctly new contribution to the history of the case concerns President Lowell's handling of the alibi testimony for Sacco offered by Messrs. Bosco and Guadagni. (Pages 5256a-5256g, vol. 5.) When the editors of the record, Messrs. Flexner and Burlingham of New York, scrutinized the minutes of the Lowell committee they discovered a serious omission from the stenographer's notes due to Mr. Lowell's instruction to the stenographer "not to take colloquies." This omission concerned Sacco's alibi to the effect that he was in Boston on the day of the South Braintree murders.

Mr. Lowell tried to break down the testimony of Bosco and Guadagni that they had met Sacco at Boni's restaurant in Boston on that day, about noon, by a private inquiry of his own. Mr. Lowell got confused because there were two dinners to Editor Williams of The Boston Transcript given by the Italian "colony." (*Continued on page* 509)

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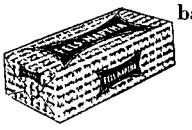

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WORKER'S EDUCATION BUREAU OF AMERICA—A cooperative Educational Agency for the promotion of Adult Education among Industrial Workers. 476 West 24th Street, New York City, Spencer Miller, Jr., Secretary.

(*Continued from page* 507)

He charged Bosco and Guadagni with lying when they testified there was a dinner on April 15. The dinner, insisted Mr. Lowell, was on May 13.

Bosco, however, proved by the Italian newspaper, La Notizia, and by Editor Williams himself, that the April 15 dinner, or luncheon, took place. Mr. Lowell thereupon apologized and declared his belief that Bosco and Guadagni were "honest" men. (Page 5256d, vol. 5.)

Inasmuch as Bosco and Guadagni had fixed the time of seeing Sacco in Boston, April 15, by the Williams function on the same day, Mr. Lowell had originally regarded this alibi as "serious." (Pages 5256c-5256d, vol. 5.) Why should he not still have regarded it as "serious" after Bosco and Guadagni had been rehabilitated in his confidence? This question remains unanswered.

In a letter, dated December 8, 1928, Mr. Lowell with notable brevity informed the editors of this publication of the official record that his committee, after the rehabilitation of Bosco and Guadagni, proceeded on the assumption that there were two dinners.

The Sacco alibi, resting on the affidavit of the Italian vice-consul of Boston, Giuseppe Andrower, as well as on the testimony of Bosco and Guadagni, has certainly been strengthened by the publication of the official record. For this conclusion two reasons may be mentioned:

(a) President Lowell finally expressed belief in the honesty of Bosco and Guadagni.

(b) Had Bosco and Guadagni lied with premeditation, in concert, they probably would not have made on the witness stand at the Dedham trial the minor mistake, so easily avoided by consulting the file of the La Notizia, for which Bosco worked, of placing the luncheon to Editor Williams in the evening instead of the afternoon of April 15.

In his attack before the jury on the alibi testimony of these witnesses (page 2193, vol. 2), Mr. Katzmann made much of that error, arguing that it wholly discredited their testimony. On the contrary, such an inaccurracy in a matter of detail tends to demonstrate that Bosco and Guadagni told the truth.

If they saw Sacco on April 15, 1920, at Boni's restaurant, then Sacco was innocent. If Sacco was innocent, so was Vanzetti.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE IRELAND

(*Continued from page* 485)

to speak till she was quieted, and who then revealed that a sort of fire ghost had crossed her on the road outside our house. She was so sure she had seen it that I brought out the encyclopedia and tried to explain to her the homely nature of the will-o'-the-wisp, gas rising from dead leaves. But she had to be escorted home to her farm.

And if, somehow, the reputation of being haunted glues on to your house, you'll learn the reality of the belief when you have to wash the dishes because you can't get any maid to stay. I've seen that fear, and it is not amusing. Nor are girls the only ones subject to it. Our old folk-lore friend, the Black Dog with the fiery eyes, still sits at many a cross-road at midnight. A laborer near here was frightened into fits by him a few months ago. Real fits, if not a real dog!

I am sure there was a certain yearning in the girl's voice when she asked me about ghosts in the far-away.

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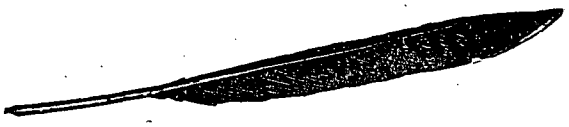
It's all true, in a way, and yet. . . . Walking along in the soft misty day, mindful of Dolly's little grey-blue feet in the cold slushy mud and all it implied, still I am sorry that they have to leave.

Once I was in a steamer-cabin with three other women, though nominally we were going back to America first class. They were Irish: servants going to return to superior places, rustling with silks, swathed in furs. The very summit. One evening I was in my berth, alone with one of the three, a stout elderly woman who sat on the edge of hers pulling off her stockings. I thought I heard her sighing deeply. "Homesick?" I ventured, I don't know why, she had been long in New York.

She began to cry quietly, and between sobs I heard, "I keep thinkin' of the green field and the blue mountain at the back of the house, and it so quiet, so quiet, and will I ever be seein' it again?"

Transplantation is hard—even to heaven.



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PROTESTANT WOMAN, experienced in institutional work, desires a position as Superintendent or Matron in Home for Children or Day Nursery. No preference as to locality. 6406 SURVEY.

WOMAN EXECUTIVE, well trained, with eight years experience in directing case work, desires connection in progressive agency. 6412 SURVEY.

POULTRYMAN, single, thoroughly experienced; also gardening, carpenter work, etc., available August 15th. 6427 SURVEY.

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GREAT CURRENTS MOVING

(*Continued from page 492*)

none too quietly in the situation. For the league it is perhaps the most difficult of its problems; not only in the nature of the case but because of the tendency to divide Europe into two camps, of those countries which have foreign minorities within their borders and those separated by the new boundaries from large sections of their own people. Incidentally, because in the last analysis there is nothing that the league can do about it beyond keeping the question out in the light of day and of world public opinion. That opinion is the only protection of the minorities, for every one of the so-called great powers with the exception of Germany has a "minority" within its jurisdiction, and every one of them has suffered accusation of injustice if not outrageous abuse. None is in a position to throw stones at other glass houses.

What is a "minority" anyway? Certainly the United States is in no position to point any finger of scorn on this subject. Our great Negro population was not set in our midst by any peace treaty—we brought it here by force, and both races are suffering the consequences. But so long as we treat that population as if it were both interloping and inherently inferior, we cannot criticize other nations for their treatment of their new neighbors.

WHEN it comes to attitudes toward those born under other flags, we are even less justified. No country is more given than ours to that racial snobbery and arrogance founded on the delusions of purity of blood and culture, to say nothing of religion. The Foreign Language Information Service for a dozen years has struggled with inadequate support in its effort to bring what we have of culture to our foreign-born people in their own languages, with the same basic intent as that which impels European nations to absorb their minorities; but our government and the mass of our people have preferred such artificial measures as the "national origins" test, designed to admit to our shores only those assumed to be already "of our ilk."

And yet, what would we be but for what has been brought to us from the older lands? Henry Pratt Fairchild, in his Immigrant Backgrounds (John Wiley & Sons), has done a great service in gathering a notable collection of articles in which are set forth the essential qualities and character of our own heterogeneous racial groups, woven together in what we call America. Every important group is described. One cannot read it even in cursory fashion, without realizing to some extent not only our own incalculable debt to these immigrant groups constituting our minorities, but also something of the process by which the world is merging into unity, despite all divisive efforts to keep everybody "foreign" but ourselves.

One of the outstanding significances of the South African elections in June is registry of the determination to keep the natives from any share in citizenship. On the other hand, there is in South Africa a powerful white opinion in favor of just and fair political privileges for the natives. Just as in our own South, these dark-skinned folk are gaining in education and efficiency; the day is certain even if distant when quality, determination and ability will win for them their place.

So it is no temporary flare of conscience that brings the question of "minorities" to the front. There can be no peace within any nation so long as a considerable portion of the population is oppressed. And oppression is hardly less objectionable or socially injurious in the form of political subordination than when expressed in actual abuses.

EVEN "Opium"—the war against the world-wide bootleg traffic in "dope"—registers substantial gains. The most definitely useful episode of the League Council meeting at Madrid was the open declaration by Senor Zumeta, representing Venezuela, of the League's failure in that field, and the incidental exposure and humiliation of that dismally futile aggregation known as the Opium Advisory Committee. He drew attention to that committee's habitual ignoring of the Council of which it is an organ; of its failure to submit to the Council its agenda as required by resolution of the Assembly. He protested against the declaration of the newly-instituted "permanent central board" that its documents would be either "secret" or "strictly confidential"; in a word, he brought to light in public meeting the increasing dissatisfaction with the whole policy of secrecy and empty gesture which has characterized hitherto the treatment of this subject. He did not point out, as he might have done, that although it was June, the Council had not yet received the minutes of the Advisory Committee meeting in January, when the "Scheme of Stipulated Supply" submitted by the United States, was stamped and spit upon by the Committee. Up to this date, the Council has no official knowledge of the existence of that scheme.

Nevertheless the scheme itself is an exceedingly lively affair. Spain has adopted it; which means simply that, having established a government monopoly in narcotics, Spain will announce its needs and where it will purchase; thereafter nobody need manufacture any more for that market. Italy and Costa Rica are at the point of doing the same. Venezuela, Colombia and Cuba will follow shortly. And, what is perhaps more important, Spain is at the point of demanding, and will of course be given, a place beside Italy on the Advisory Committee. In a word, the "consuming nations"—the victims of the frightful overmanufacture of "dope"—are in open rebellion, and the days of the "close communion" of the drug-interests in control of the Advisory Committee (that is to say, of the League's activities in this field) are definitely ending. Furthermore, the whole question will be brought into the open at the meeting of the League Assembly in September.

THE world makes its gains by inches, by hair's-breadths. The value of a movement appears often long afterward, against the large background of history. The great war immensely accentuated the nationalistic passions and selfishness which have their root in ancient fears. It spread bloodshed and material ruin far and wide and left scars which will be long in fading. Yet within a very few short years we have seen resulting from it quite directly a new sense of world unity. We have seen built up a new technique of international dealing, a new instrument whereby the conscience of mankind can examine and express itself. The agreement between Germany and her creditors was accompanied by no rattle of sabres but enlisted a group of the ablest and best-intending men ever concerned in such a business. All along the line, and despite all the offsets and all the unworthy symptoms and behavior of individuals and groups, a new spirit has been expressing itself. The war was an awful price to pay, but mankind is forever paying in blood and treasure for what he could have had easily by the exercise of his common-sense.

The automatic-rifle men. From Fix Bayonets! By John W. Thomason, Jr., Scribner's

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